

Amusement
News

LIFE

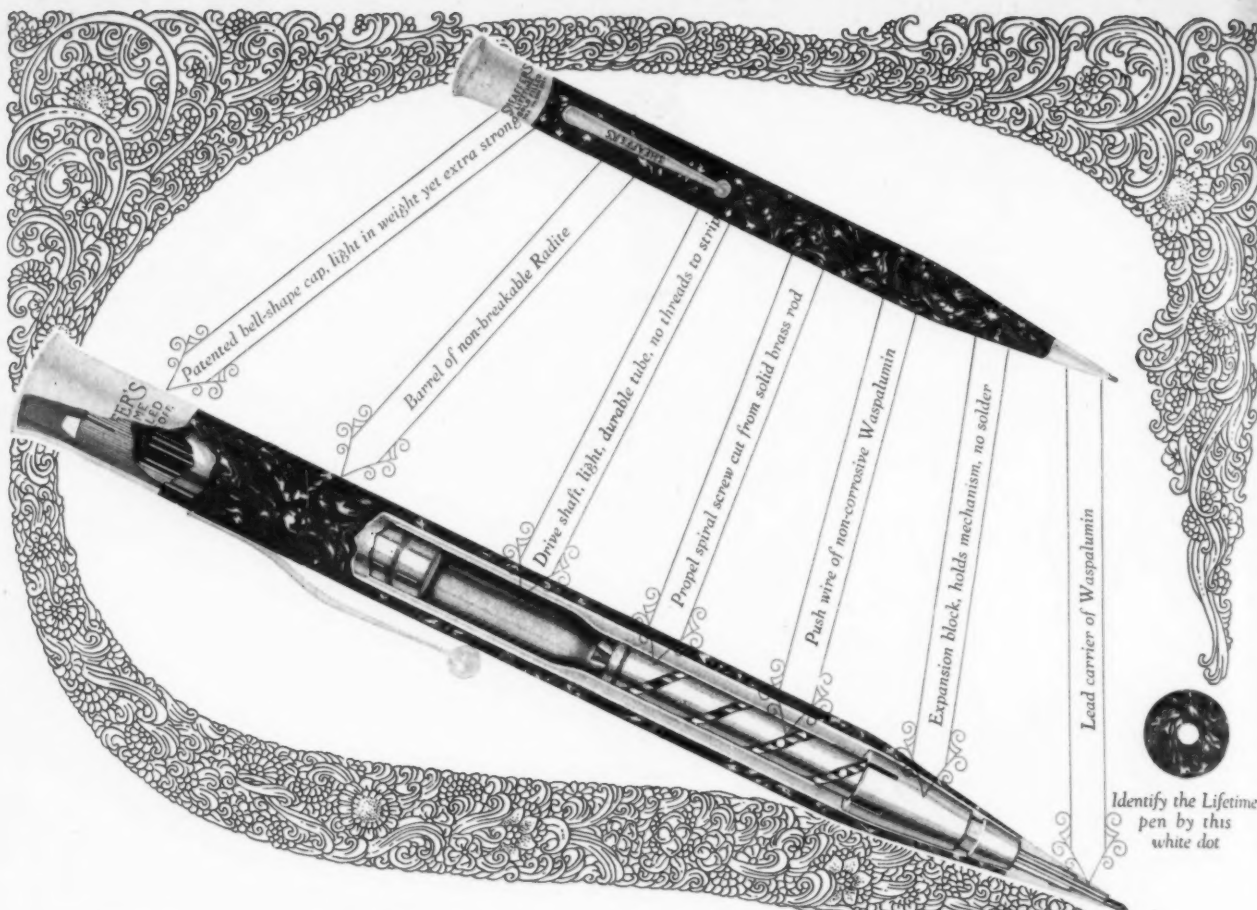
Personalities
Sport

15 Cents



May 24 1928





Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

This pencil holds a thrill for those who love fine things

Today—if you will let a Sheaffer retailer show you just how a Sheaffer pencil is made, it is a foregone certainty that you will have a new conception of what a good pencil can do for you. You will see (1) that it is built like a fine piece of machinery, accurate to the thousandth of an inch, (2) that only expensive materials, including non-corrosive Waspalumin, an almost precious alloy, are used in its construction, (3) that there are no soldered parts to work loose, (4) that the lead point is free, yet rigid when writing, to prevent jamming and breaking. See this fine pencil today.

Titan pencil, \$4.25—"Lifetime" pen, in green or black, \$8.75, Ladies', \$7.50. Others lower

Prices slightly higher in Canada

At better stores everywhere

SHEAFFER'S

PENS • PENCILS • SKRIP

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY • FORT MADISON, IOWA, U.S.A.
New York • Chicago • San Francisco
W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co. of Canada, Ltd. • Toronto, Ont.—60-62 Front St. W.
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Blue Cap
Leads
15 cents

All Sheaffer pens
always have been guar-
anteed forever against
all defects. The Life-
time pen, in addition,
is guaranteed un-
conditionally for
life, which includes
accident or break-
age of any kind.

Onyx or Italian
Marble "Lifetime"
Desk Fountain-
pen Set, \$11





Everybody Wants

a car equipped with Timken Bearings. Particularly now, when the emphasis seems so much on body lines, it is all the more valuable to be able to get a line on the chassis by asking about the Timken Bearings.

Their presence indicates the endurance, quiet, and freedom from attention made possible only by Timken tapered construction, Timken **POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS**, and Timken electric steel. That means full protection against thrust, shock and friction.

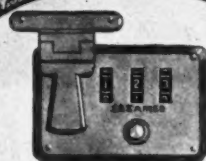
Bothersome mechanics? Precisely the way to avoid risk about that part of it is to *get Timken Bearings*.

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, OHIO

TIMKEN Tapered Roller **BEARINGS**



Two smart travelers—one carries two sets of keys for safety.



The other—no keys. His luggage is equipped with Sesamee.

SESAMEE—The Modern Lock that Needs No Key

GONE, praise be, is the bane of every traveler's existence—the key. No more frantic searching through vest pocket—or bag—while irate custom officers stand impatiently by. No more dilly-dallying with Fate in the form of a flimsy lock, easy prey to the caressing touch of screw-driver or duplicate key. . . . Sesamee—the modern lock that needs no key—banishes key-worries, increases peace of mind, and makes travel generally more pleasant. The lock opens only when you flick the wheels to your secret combination. Another flick of the wheels and your luggage is securely locked. . . . and stays locked until you yourself choose to open it. . . . And the surprising part is, you select and set your own secret com-



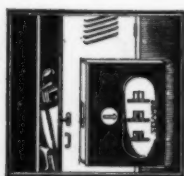
♦ ♦ FREE PORTFOLIO ♦ ♦

DESCRIBES COMPLETELY THE VARIOUS TYPES OF SESAMEE LOCKS NOW AVAILABLE, A FEW OF WHICH ARE SHOWN BELOW. USE COUPON OR POSTAL CARD.

bination. Simply think of a number, any number from 0 to 999 which has a special meaning for you alone—phone number, house address, birthday. Then, with a few simple motions, wheel those numbers into view on the lock, snap a little lever, and your combination is set. . . . Sesamee locks are standard equipment on many well-known makes of luggage. Sold at leading retailers. This modern lock is also obtainable for drawers and in padlock form. The newest member of the Sesamee group is the automobile switch lock. Let your dealer show you how easily and effectively it works. Or, if he hasn't his supply yet, we'll send a switch lock postpaid for \$12.00. Use the coupon. The Sesamee Company, Hartford, Connecticut



Switch Lock Price \$12.00



Locker Lock Price \$3.00

If your dealer has not a Sesamee Automobile Switch Lock, send coupon with money order or check

THE SESAMEE COMPANY, HARTFORD, CONN.
Please send postpaid the items checked:
☐ Free portfolio, ☐ Switch lock. Price, \$12.00
(Enclosed check or money order)

Name _____
Address _____



Drawer Lock Price \$3.00



Padlocks \$4.50-\$3.75-\$3.75

If you cannot obtain at your favorite store the particular Sesamee lock you desire, write the Sesamee Co. at Hartford.



LIFE



FOR PRESIDENT: WILL ROGERS

*"The Invincible Candidate of the Dissatisfied Voters
of Both Parties."* —JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

In a quiet way, we have been searching for a bunkless candidate who would run for the Presidency on an honest, courageous and reasonably intelligent platform. An announcement of our hopes in this connection appeared in LIFE last week—but long before the publication of that announcement we had been conducting a private straw vote to ascertain whether anyone believed that such a candidate was possible. The question which we asked was this: If you could cast aside all party prejudice, who would be your ideal choice for President?

The answer, from a large group of representative Americans, took the form of an overwhelming majority for Will Rogers.

And why not?

Will Rogers, to begin with, is an American. Equipped as he is with a generous supply of genuine Indian blood, he's a lot closer to 100% American than are most of the people who brag about it.

In the second place, Will Rogers is a humorist. If elected, he would be the first President in sixty-two years who was funny intentionally.

In the third place, Will Rogers has had wider experience as a public servant than any man that has ever run for any office. Not only has he been mixed up in politics (he has served as Mayor of Beverly Hills, Cal., he has been designated "Congressman-at-Large," and he holds the commission of Colonel in Kentucky); he is also a veteran of thirteen campaigns in the Ziegfeld Follies, which is a lot more than can be said for Calvin Coolidge, Herbert Hoover, or even Al Smith.

In the fourth place, Will Rogers has seen something of the world. He knows more about our foreign relations than do all the eighteen august members of the Senatorial Foreign Relations Committee. He was famous as an Ambassador of Good Will when Lindbergh was still totting mail between St. Louis and Chicago.

In the fifth place, Will Rogers is a good scout—and it's just about time that the people of the United States of America elected a President for no other reason than that.

THERE will be objections to Will Rogers' candidacy. Indeed, most of the qualifications mentioned above would be enough to disqualify him under the rules which usually obtain in politics.

For instance: the fact that he has set foot on foreign soil, and has made friends with Englishmen, Russians, Mexicans and similar undesirables, will be used by many as a serious argument in his disfavor.

The fact that he is a comedian will also hurt him, beyond all question of doubt. The American voters like to laugh at their politicians, but not with them.

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, who is one of Rogers' most ardent endorsers, says, "I started boosting him several months ago, insisting he was the only Democrat who had any chance to be elected; but friends

The Following Representative Americans Have Indorsed Will Rogers' Nomination:

HENRY FORD

HAROLD LLOYD

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER

ROY HOWARD

GLENN H. CURTISS

JUDGE BEN B. LINDSEY

BABE RUTH

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

CLARE BRIGGS

GRANTLAND RICE

GEN. WILLIAM MITCHELL

RING LARDNER

REV. FRANCIS J. DUFFY

TEX RICKARD

CHARLES DANA GIBSON



assured me that to be human and humorous is to sacrifice the Presidency.

"Well," adds Judge Lindsey, "let's show 'em. I hope LIFE will nominate Will Rogers as the invincible candidate of the dissatisfied voters of both parties."

WILL ROGERS is accordingly offered the nomination for the Presidency, as representative of a party which has no name, no emblem, no slogan and which is dedicated to only one supreme purpose:

To fight Bunk in all its forms.

If Rogers wants more of a platform than that, he can write it himself.

This nomination was not made by a large mob of tired delegates in convention assembled. It was made, in the usual manner, by a small group of influential citizens gathered together in a hotel room. Thus, the enormous expense of hiring a hall, brass bands, press agents and professional cheer leaders, radio hook-ups, etc., was eliminated.

It now remains to be seen whether or not Will Rogers will accept this nomination. We can assure him that there are no strings attached to it. If he agrees to run for President, his campaign will be conducted on a sensible, inexpensive and painless basis.

There will be no attempt to solicit contributions from oil magnates or from anyone else.

There will be no necessity for our candidate to pass out cigars, kiss babies, lay corner stones, dodge issues or be nice to newspaper men. Nor will he be asked to disguise himself as a farmer and pose for the photographers, with a rake in one hand and a sap bucket in the other.

There will be no confidential advisers following him about and whispering such bits of advice as, "I think it would be a good policy to endorse motherhood," or, "It would be unwise to boost the Armenian Relief Fund. We don't want to offend the Turkish-American voters."

Will Rogers can say what he likes, when he likes, and on any subject that happens to suit his fancy—which is one of the most superfluous statements ever uttered.

A copy of this nomination has been sent to Will Rogers at his home in California, and he has promised to reply—one way or the other—within a few days. We hope to be able to announce his decision in next week's issue of LIFE.

There's one thing sure: if Will Rogers turns down the nomination, this proposed Third Party will pass quietly out of existence. He is the only available candidate who could, in all honesty, run for President on a genuinely bunkless platform.

There's another thing sure: if Will Rogers does decline to run, he will say so, in no uncertain terms.

He won't use the word "choose."

LIFE.



"Come on, Will—you're the only one who can ride her!"

A Short Run with Columbus

(As Joseph Hergesheimer Might Have Written It)

COLUMBUS: Is that Cuba over there? Probably it is, but what of it? Practically, it doesn't matter.... I'm going to stop drinking; life is more frightfully dull than ever since I took up gin. I took it up because I was bored, really. You may as well realize that I got you up here on the bridge just to tell you that. I think I'll go east for the polo.

THE FIRST MATE: Not Marco? He's a thorough swine. He has no background at all. But then, you may like him. You probably do—you always were disagreeable, Columbus. I think you're the most disagreeable man I know.

COLUMBUS: Oh, you're simply sobbing, Porfirio.

THE FIRST MATE: Well, whether you like it or not, it's true. I'm simply sunk when I'm with you. Have another cocktail.

COLUMBUS: No, thank you. I've given up drinking. It's too sobbing. If it isn't one gin it's another. Practically, I'm sunk right now.

THE FIRST MATE: I can't think what makes you act this way. Actually, you're vile, of course. Let's put in at Palm Beach.

COLUMBUS: I positively am not going to Palm Beach. I assure you no! Actually, I wouldn't be found dead at Palm Beach for anything in the world. The people there don't exist, really; they're sobbing.

THE FIRST MATE: There are the Magellans and the O'Callahans—

COLUMBUS: Magellan will be drunk; he always is. I don't want to meet him. I've always known him. He's simply sobbing. And O'Callahan.... I think I'll get married. And have great strong sons. Millions of them. I'd enjoy that, I think.

THE FIRST MATE: Columbus, if you go on this way, you'll be sunk. You really will. Have a cocktail. Nobody stops drinking, really.

COLUMBUS: Go to hell. You're the sobbingest man I ever knew. I feel quite sunk. Absolutely, if you see what I mean, that's the way I feel. Is that Cuba, out front? Probably it is, I don't know. Practically, of course, it has to be. I'm going ashore and have some fun with the Indians. I'd adore it, actually.

Heman Fay, Jr.



"Hey, Grandfather, watch me take this hill."

Thoughts of a Taxi Driver

THESE TWO'll want to drive slow around the park she'll say oh don't please Oscar then he'll neck her and she'll say oh you mustn't Oscar it isn't right and he'll say but I adore you and she'll say I bet you say that to every girl you meet there's that cop that gave me hell for running through a light gee I wish I'd get a fare to Albany or somewheres I'm fed up with this burg there's no variety wish I had enough cash to start a taxi business



FIRST PELICAN: Pretty good fish you've got there.

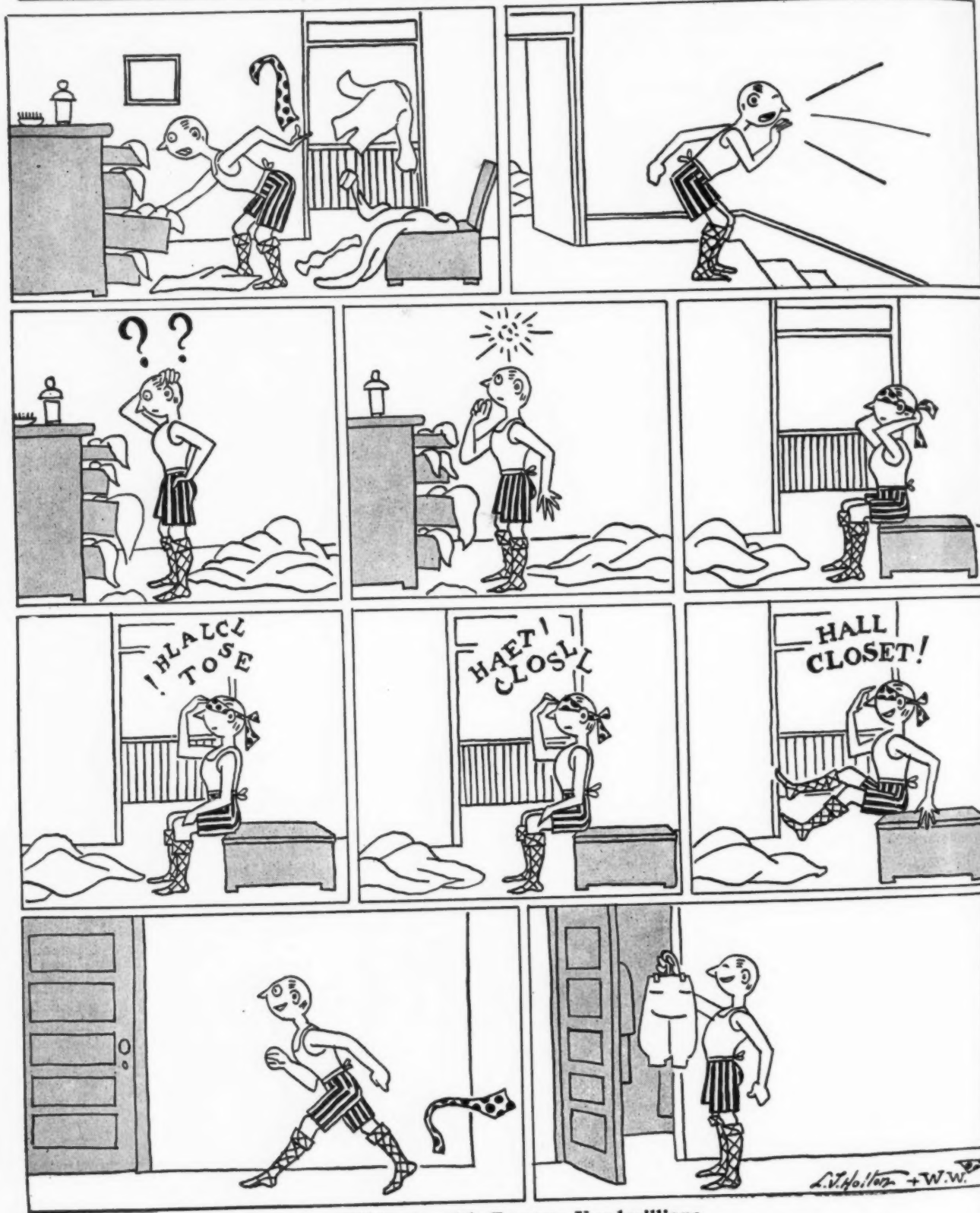
SECOND PELICAN: Well, he fills the bill.

of my own there's nothing in working for anybody else I bet I don't get two bits from this mamma's boy on this trip that hotsy-totsy shimmy-fluffer'll shake him down for his last what the hell the way some guys drive in this town you'd think they was Lindbergh gee that lad's in soft wish I'd thought of doin' somethin' like that instead of driving a cab it's about time this dame was suggesting Cuthbert take her somewheres to dine he'll want to take her to Childs' and she'll suggest some more intimate place that'll set him back twenty smackers gee these saps let the women work 'em for suckers wish I wasn't working tonight I'd grab off that sweet patootie who give me the glad eye at Roseland I bet she's hot stuff a nice little kid at that I bet and no gold-digger I knew Oswald would be tellin' me to drive to the Café Chantant by the time that bird gets out of there he won't have nothin' but addresses in his pocket book fifteen cents the cheap bozo I'd like to throw it in his face....

Lloyd Mayer.

MRS. JONES: Do your daughters live at home?

MRS. SMITH: Oh, no! They aren't married yet.



Off-Stage with Famous Vaudevillians
 Miraco, the Mind Reader, Discovers Where His Wife Put His Golf Knickers.

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Ballade of the First Golfer

He must have been a wight of wit,
Lang syne, and one of master mien,
Whose brain conceived how might be
smit,

The thorny whin and gorse between,
Along the smooth and springy green
A sphere we cannot now recall;
O mon, what joy it must have been
First to have hit a golfing ball!

Soon many a one must have his kit,
The tall, the short, the stout, the lean;
The rules became as Holy Writ,
And still they are to us, I ween,
Though often they affect the spleen,
And very sorry things befall;
O mon, what joy it must have been
First to have hit a golfing ball!

The evolution of the pit
From ancient annals we may glean;
How bunkers rose, and gave a fit
To bygone king, if not to queen;
Golf, once a Scottish rite, 'tis seen
Has now become the rite of all;
O mon, what joy it must have been
First to have hit a golfing ball!

L'ENVOI

Friend, were days kindly, were they keen;
If winds were calm, or blew the squall,
How happy must his lot have been
First to have hit a golfing ball!

Clinton Scollard.

Here Comes the Bride!

"Oh, isn't she too sweet!"

"Perfectly adorable!"

"She's so demure and dainty."

"No wonder everyone loves her."

"And she looks so charming in white."

"Yes. White is just her color. I was so afraid she might wear green."

"So was I, dear. Did you ever see anyone look so perfectly hysterical in green?"

"She does look rather well today, though."

"It's mostly the gown, dear. But don't you think the waist is too high?"

"Yes—but it would look all right on someone who knew how to wear it. But she's so awkward."

"Of course she's probably a little nervous, today. But...aren't we catty, panning her like this when she's so happy?"

"We're dreadful! And let's stop it right now. She's a darling."

"And they're so much in love with each other!"

"You know....I've sometimes wondered."

"Have you? I've heard a lot of people say that, too. Is there anything in it?"



BATH-TUB SALESMAN: I beg to call your attention to the unusual features of this tub, which is especially designed for those who sing while bathing. It has a new beauty and depth, a richer resonance; in other words, my dear sir, it's orthophonic.

"They say he has a terrible temper."

"And she has no patience at all."

"Well, dear, let's hope...."

"Oh, yes. But...well, of course, you never know, do you?" *Chet Johnson.*

PLINK, PLANK, PLUNK

GEORGE: Can you play your banjo at the party this evening?

SAMMY: You bet. I'm in the plink of condition.



THE TEAR-DROP



THE POLITICAL FRONT

The Senator from Alabama



SOME years ago Archbishop Achille Ratti was a member of the diplomatic corps accredited near the Government of Poland. He wore a high violet waistcoat at dinner, but otherwise was indistinguishable from his diplomatic colleagues.

An American in our Legation at that time remembers Monsignor Ratti as a charming person of literary rather than political tastes. He gave no sign of imperial ambitions. Least of all did he wish to conquer the United States, about which he knew little or nothing.

This gentleman has since been elevated to the throne of St. Peter under the title

of Pius XI. The once obscure Archbishop has become a frequent subject of debate in the United States Senate. His title, although not his name, is often on the lips of Mr. James Thomas Heflin, of Alabama, who has suffered a mental translation to the time of the Inquisition. Mr. Heflin smells incense in stones and hears Roman sermons in running brooks. He has even caught sight of a cassock ducking into the Department of State. He is fully prepared for a Swiss Guard at the doors of the Democratic National Convention at Houston, Texas. The ecclesiastic who used to attract no attention in Warsaw in 1919 has done all this to a politician from Alabama in 1928.

* * *

THE IMMEDIATE cause of Mr. Heflin's strange preoccupation is Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York. I have an idea that Mr. Heflin's crusade has been of

inestimable benefit to this particular candidate. The religious issue against Mr. Smith has been trumpeted to the country for months. The Senator from Alabama has phrased it at its worst, its most extreme, its most violent. What impression this may have created in some parts of the South and in certain sections of the Middle West, I have no way of knowing. But Mr. Heflin has dragged the religious question into the open and has, in a sense, dissipated its violence some months before the Democratic Convention. Nobody can say anything more suggestive in private, during the campaign, than Mr. Heflin has already said many times in public.

In any case, after Mr. Heflin's spirited attacks on Holy Mother Church, Governor Smith swept Iowa and California;



numbers of Southern statesmen began to change their attitude; Senator Walsh of Montana, a Roman Catholic himself, but a bitter antagonist of Smith, withdrew in his favor, and it became generally conceded that Alfred E. Smith would win the Democratic nomination. Whether this

sequence be that of cause and effect I leave experts in the working of the human mind to determine.

* * *

MR. HEFLIN is thus left in a very precarious position. I place little stock in the notion that he will leave the Democratic party, if Smith is nominated. The weakening opposition to Smith in the South is an indication of what will inevitably happen. The Southern politicians will swallow Smith when the time comes, and in the event of his election, will be found in postures of receptivity at the White House on March 4, 1929.

The Senator from Alabama comes up for re-election in 1930, at which time I predict his Democratic orthodoxy will have been restored to its pristine purity. It would be a great pity if Mr. Heflin were removed from the United States Senate. Our august Upper House is a dull place. It contains large numbers of pompous and respectable gentlemen, few of whom have had an original idea since entering politics. There are one or two engaging personalities on the Republican side, and three or four among the Democrats. Of these, on many counts, Mr. Heflin is the most entertaining.

His broadcloth Prince Albert, his double-breasted white vest, his carefully-



"And after he kissed you three times, then what?"
"Well—then he began to get sentimental."

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folded satin cravat, the flaunting ribbon of his pince-nez, his enormous felt hat—all the impedimenta of Southern statesmanship give a romantic touch to Mr. Hefflin's environment. His Negro stories, told in dialect and acted out, would be worth \$1,000 a week on the Keith circuit. The rotundity of his periods, his frequent employment of antitheses that do not quite balance, his recitations from Felicia Hemans, his magnificent manipulation of clichés from D. Webster, all make the Senate a brighter and happier place in which to live.

* * *

Mr. HEFLIN looks as if he had just come from the inauguration of Millard Fillmore. He sounds as if he were campaigning against James G. Blaine. But it must be said to his credit that Mr. Hefflin sometimes says things which should be said, but which no other Senator has the courage to say. One of these was his castigation of the jury which acquitted Albert B. Fall and Edward L. Doheny. On such occasions, if you feel about the oil cases as I do, you are bound to give this Don Quixote from Alabama a hand, for his lance is sometimes as sharp as a surgeon's knife.

Henry Suydam.

Little Rambles with Serious Thinkers

(NOTE: Since we started publishing "Little Rambles" we have been pained to learn that many of our readers believe that these quotations are counterfeits, fabricated in LIFE's office. Such is not the case. All the quotations in this column are taken verbatim from the actual published writings of the various ladies and gentlemen, or from reliable newspaper reports of their public utterances.)

If you feel resentment towards a person you cannot at the same time love that person.—*Madame Elinor Glyn.*

The young folk are thinking as much about sex today as any younger generation ever did.—*Rex Beach.*

The most friendly relations exist between the governments of the United States and Nicaragua.—*Frank B. Kellogg.*

If I were President of the United States I would not appoint any man to any office who had not voted for me for President.—*Senator Blease.*

Moral beauty is even greater than intellectual beauty.—*Gene Tunney.*



The Aphrodite Beauty Shoppe When Medusa Calls for a Permanent Wave

It is true that platonic friendship is a difficult thing to maintain between men and women.—*Charles G. Norris.*

Shakespeare is known to all the world.—*William Lyon Phelps.*

I do not believe in the supposed influence of books.—*Benito Mussolini.*

I believe that love is the greatest thing in the world.—*Anne Nichols.*

Every man has a creed. A creed means what a man thinks and no man can think nothing.—*Dr. Frank Crane.*

The Sunday newspaper is our one intellectual achievement.—*Henry Seidel Canby.*

Real ladies do not arch their brows, sneer, or boast—quite the contrary.

—*Emily Post.*

The more I see of dogs the more I believe in them.—*Dr. S. Parkes Cadman.*

Protestantism has been dead for a hundred years.—*H. L. Mencken.*

MODERN FLAT

FATHER: I suppose when you marry my daughter it will be love in a garret?

SUITOR: No, sir, we won't have as much room as that.

A PARKING place is the space in which another car is parked.



"Oh, he's perfectly sweet, but I'm afraid it would be foolish. We have so little in common. He doesn't dance—or ride—or swim—and twice last week he wanted to go home and to bed."

The Moles

FROM molehills near and molehills far
(In fact, wherever molehills are),
From molehills east and molehills west
And north and south, in moleskins
dressed,
Assembled moles, one famous date,
And sat with faces very straight
(For moles are naturally sedate)
To plan a mighty nation.

They thought and thought and thought
and thought
Collectively, and solely sought
To found a government that would
Develop for their mutual good—
Would help their molish plans expand,



"Let's change around, Robbie. This cheek is getting tired."

Would rule them with a temperate hand
(They also thought it would be grand
To have some legislation).

They figured out a dandy plan
For superseding "can't" with "can."
They said, "Whatever man can do,
Undoubtedly a mole can, too."
Conventions, conferences, talks
Were held and moles from all the walks
Of molish life let out their squawks
In efforts to control ills.

The government then set its jaws
And thought a good deal more, because
The matters that it had to touch,
As matters, didn't matter much.
And so, like men, they had to fake
Their issues for appearance' sake
And promptly set to work at mak-
Ing mountains of their molehills.

Carroll Carroll.

OMNISCIENT

THERE have been tremendous landslides
in Venezuela and Chile, which is the
first intimation received in this country
that Al Smith is a candidate there, too.

RESULTS

"How's your garden coming this
year?"
"We had it for dinner last night."

EVERY woman should have at least
one husband to share her joys and her
sorrows and her friends' secrets.

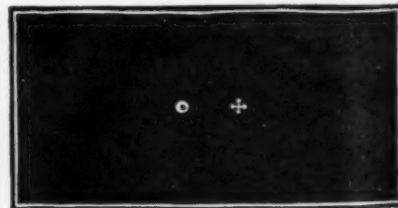


MRS. PEP'S DIARY

May
2nd
AWAKE betimes, greatly cast
down to be greeted, in lieu
of a May basket, by a huge
sheaf of bills, amongst them the one for
the coat which I do now wish I had not
purchased. I have, in fact, made so many
signal errors of late in my shopping ex-
peditions that Sam thinks it might be
more economical to hire an alienist to
accompany me when next I venture forth.
At the publick prints, trying, like a pros-
pecting miner, to strike a bit of news
ore amongst all the balderdash about the
fliers, and came upon two nuggets: the
item about Michael Arlen's marriage and
the questions in the English literature
examinations taken by competing teams
of Harvard and Yale men, and I grew
somewhat desperate at reflecting, in con-
nection with this test, that, albeit I might
be able to pass it, I should be weak at
discussing letter writers of the Eighteenth
Century, to whom I once devoted three
months of graduate study, and now
remember little from the course save
that William Cowper could brew a very
decent cup of tea. The dregs of my eru-
dition are indeed a sorry minimum. When
I consider the nights I did sit up over
the binomial theorem, and now I could
not save my life by its explanation if the
latter were suddenly demanded of me!
But I do not hold with the test's quota-
tion from Spenser,

"So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of Heavenly light,
So it the fairer bodie doth procure
To habit in," etc.,

for that I do believe it is less difficult
to build more stately mansions for the
soul than to stick to a diet of baked

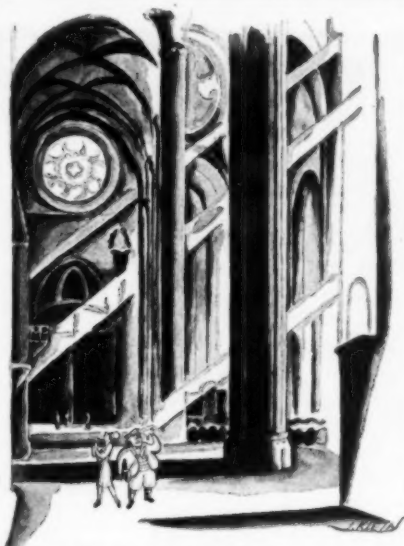


MR. MOLECULE: Pardon, but haven't we met
before?

MISS ELECTRON (*haughtily*): I don't know
you from Atom.

potatoes and acidophilous milk, albeit mayhap I do beg the question in attributing any interest in food soever to them whose minds are fixed on lofty thoughts. To play bridge for charity this afternoon on the SS. *Saturnia*, the interior decoration of which was so horrendous that I could scarce keep my mind on the game and my opponents almost broke even with the Italian Welfare Association from a charitable standpoint. To the playhouse in the evening to see "Diamond Lil," a piece as authentic and diverting as anything I have seen this season.

May 3rd My husband, poor wretch, ill of a headache from a bachelor dinner which he did attend last night but not so far gone that he could not recount to me the livelier episodes of the affair, an ability which I do consider one of his most satisfactory characteristics as a spouse, and his mother does tell me that even as a child, when his contemporaries would stand dumb under interrogation as to what had gone forward at any given function, Sam would remember what he had been given to eat and what clothing various people had worn, which, getting down to fundamentals, is what almost every woman wants to know. So I did dose him with remedies appropriate for his malady and commend him to stop the day at home, advice which he accepted with childish enthusiasm, in especial when I assured him that I would make a bad throat sound convincing to his partners over the telephone, nor did my Good-Samaritanism go unrewarded, neither, for when he did hear me discussing with my sempstress whether I should indulge in a new evening wrap for summer or make out with Spanish shawls, as



FEMALE TOURIST: Oh, isn't this wonderful!
MALE SAME: Well, it's nice and cool inside, but it's a lot gloomier than a genuine movie theater.

usual, he did bawl from his couch of pain that I must have the new garment, by all means, adding, to take the edge from his softheartedness, that he did not choose to spend any more of his life untangling shawl fringe from automobile doors and theater chairs. A quiet day at home, a dinner of ham tenderloin and greens, very fine, and then reading in a book called "The Closed Garden," by Julian Green, who wrote it first in French, and I do wish to set down here that another great writer is amongst us, and if twenty-five years does change my opinion I shall be not astonished but dumfounded.

Baird Leonard.

Inbad the White

FROM reading the "Radical" weeklies I find
The White Man is always unjust and unkind.

Whenever he deals with a barbarous race
His argument's always a punch in the face.

The Yellow, the Black, or the Red, or the Brown—
He kicks them about and he tramples them down.

The soldiers of England, America, France
Are bandits and plunderers seeking a chance,

A pretext to rob or to cave in the head
Of Brown or of Yellow, of Black or of Red.

If you do not believe that your own kind of folks
Are all of them cruel and high-handed blokes,

It proves you're a mossback, unable to think;
Since Radicals know that the Malay and Chink,

The Dato, the Kaffir, the Moro are right
And no one is wrong but the black-hearted White!

Berton Braley.

"DID THEY convict that night club dancer?"

"No. They couldn't get anything on her."



THE PRESSED-WHILE-YOU-WAIT ESTABLISHMENT CATCHES ON FIRE



"Oh, Mother! Look! Horses!"

The Elephant and the Turtle

(After the Manner of Aesop)

THE elephant was sitting rocking himself gently back and forth, holding his trunk to his troubled brow; for the elephant was suffering from a headache—a dire elephant headache!

A turtle, out for his morning stroll, met the elephant and, seeing him in trouble, asked him what was the matter.

The elephant told him that his head was in great pain, and the turtle said to the elephant: "All right; I know just the very medicine that will cure it instantly—I'll go right down town and get it for you."

So the turtle crawled off while the elephant sat rocking himself, all the while heaping great blessings on his noble friend the turtle.

The elephant waited all day and the turtle never returned—all the next day and the next and the next, until he had waited a week, and then, consumed with a great wrath against the turtle, he broke forth into loud denunciations. "You have proved yourself the false friend I always thought you! I have ever suspected you of cruelty and faithlessness."

Hardly had these words left the elephant's mouth when there was a slight

rustle in the bushes and the turtle stuck his head out, and said indignantly: "Just for that I won't go!"

CHICAGO has adopted Daylight Saving time. The darkness, of course, was spoiling their aim.



"Don't you believe the Flaming Youth type of college student is passing?"

"No; flunking."

The Sagacious Lover

WHEN we two parted
In anger and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Dazed by our sorrow,
We failed to recall
We'll meet tomorrow
At somebody's ball.

Too quickly we spoke:
Said goodbye for too long.
Now Time has its joke,
And we're both in the wrong.
If I should meet thee,
After eight hours,
How should I greet thee?
—I'd better bring flowers.

Norman R. Jaffray.

AN ARTIST IN THE FAMILY

TRAP-DRUMMER'S WIFE (to small son): Don't run into the parlor, now, Egbert—your father's doing his home work in there. Tomorrow he has to make a noise like a rainbow with a bluebird on it, and he's very irritable this evening.

PIANO MAN: How's business?
SCISSORS GRINDER: Fine! I've never seen things so dull.

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NEIGHBORHOOD NEWS

Boston

ELEANORA SEARS has had a new set of rubber heels attached to her walking boots.

***There will be a free band concert on the Common on Decoration Day next week.

***John F. Malley, who is way up in the Elks, attended six banquets last week and made a half a dozen speeches.

✧ Harvard is trying to make arrangements with Tom Heeney to lecture on Chaucer in case he takes away the title from Gene Tunney.

***A former local boy and athlete, Joe Kennedy, had his picture and a big write-up in the *American Magazine* this month. Joe is now doing well for himself in Gotham (New York, N. Y.).

***It is rumored our Symphony Orchestra finished up the season with a deficit. This is a shame as the boys put on a good brand of music and deserve encouragement.

***Post cards have been received from the popular editor of the *Herald*, Robert Lincoln O'Brien, who has been sojourning all around the world.

***Ed Filene, the corner merchant, made a speech out of town last week. Ed can discourse on a variety of subjects besides mdse.

✧ If you don't see your name here, look for it next week.—*Adv't.*

Neal O'Hara.

Cleveland

OUR NINE is giving the other American League teams quite an argument this season. Keep that up, boys, and we'll have the pennant cinched, is our guess.

***All the women folks are getting their cloaks ready for the spring opera festival at Public Hall at which "Aida," "Rigoletto," "Pagliacci" and three other well-known operas will be given by the Metropolitan Opera Company, which, as the name implies, is from Gotham, where it has made quite a reputation for itself.

Among the entertainers will be Amelita Galli-Curci, Lucrezia Bori, Marion Tally, Rosa Ponselle, Lawrence Tibbett and Beniamino Gigli, all of whom are said to be accomplished.

***Senator James Reed of Missouri was a visitor in town the other day. Jim spoke at the City Club, calling the attention of one and all to a scandal known as the Teapot Dome Scandal. Seems there has been considerable corruption in the Government. Everybody was glad to hear about it. Drop in again during your next Presidential campaign, Jim.

✧ Mrs. Laura Eckley and Mrs. W. J. McLaughlin will have the leading roles in the spring entertainment which the Red Cross health education committee of the Council of Parents and Teachers is giving, they being dramatically inclined. Mrs. Eckley will be "America" and Mrs. McLaughlin will be "Parents and Teachers Association."

Tupper Greenwald.

Detroit

EDGAR A. GUEST had a poem accepted by a newspaper last week.

✧ "Unless we overcome the liquor traffic," said a federal dry agent, after a lively shooting match on the river yesterday, "the end of civilization is in sight." Maybe so, brother, but which end?

***Wreckers are tearing down the coasters, merry-go-rounds and old mills that clutter up the approach to beautiful Belle Isle, the island. Fine work, boys. That's one hideous eyesore we won't have to be ashamed of when strangers visit our little city to see the seeing.

***Our hoary-headed congressman, Bob Clancy, has been telling Congress how the history of Greece, Rome, Egypt and Babylon shows that the tax on Detroit automobiles ought to be repealed. It's mighty good history, Bob. Go on and make some more of it.

***Golf clubs are being worn this spring by an increasing number of our smart young men and women about TOWN.

✧ Arthur Vandenburg, for many years a newspaper editor in Grand Rapids, pleaded guilty and was sent to the U. S. Senate.

Elmer C. Adams.

Houston

DAN MOODY our Boy Governor just drove past our sanctum on his way to the ball-park and looked up at us and smiled and waved. That is the man that will always get our vote.

***J. H. Donahey, of Cleveland, Ohio, brother of one of Ohio's best-known sons, engaged parking space under a bed in the Rice Hotel for the Democratic convention soon to be held in this city, but since making the reservation he has been invited to bring his better half and be the guests of a friend in our city. So the parking place is for sale. He hopes to make quite a handsome profit out of it.

***Hon. Frank Andrews gave ye scribe a bid to the Bar Association Banquet at San Jacinto Inn, but when we got there we found it was a lawyers' doings. We might have known there was some catch about it. But the joke was on him, for we stayed and eat.

✧ H. K. Waddell, our deservedly popular young furniture merchant, says that if his women-folks are going to work out in the front flower garden this summer they have got to let the front hedge grow higher.

***Our fellow townsman Lynch Davidson, who was named after one of our most popular judges of early days, and who has been Lieut. Governor and sort of got in the habit of running for Governor, has gave it out that his beautiful young daughter Lois, who is in England, is going to be presented at court. Lynch didn't say what for.

Judd Mortimer Lewis.

Montreal

BRIAN DEVLIN, who does a right smart column in Hughie Graham's paper, is back from New York. Brian says the Yankee Stadium is a pretty good ball park but Ruppert shouldn't crow too loud

till he looks over the new yard on Delorimier Avenue here.

***Just so's he won't waste any time foolishly, Cap Collyer has hired a retinue of tray-toters to follow him round the Knowlton Golf Course this summer. Cap will take his breakfast on the fourth tee, dinner in the bunker back of the eighth green (3rd round), and supper in the woods off the seventh fairway (8th round). Bunny Foster says they ought to let Cap have a set of desks and stenographers scattered round the course, so's he can get his mail before November.

***Mons. Duke Schiller of Lake Saint Agnes passed through town after being in New York with Grover Whalen, who just flew the Atlantic Ocean for the eighth time again. New York is a good town, Duke avers, but it has nothing on Greenly Island. Nobody has anything on Greenly Island except the lighthouse keeper, according to Mons. Schiller.

Doc and Bertha Brown, the well-known medico and wife, have returned their new radio set to George Layton. The reception was pretty good from the set, Doc says, but darn if he could see to read by the bulbs.

***With the recent outbreak of summer all hotels are filled with American Conventions and empty bottles. A new song called "Sweet Adeline" has been adopted as the Canadian National Anthem and is being sung with consid'able gusto and e-clat by all. *Leslie Roberts.*

New York

MISS EDNA FERBER is in N. Y. after a trip to Tulsa, Okla.

***A. E. SMITH is going to Houston, Tex., next month on a combined business and pleasure trip.

***Herbert Hoover is going to Kansas City next month on a business trip.

***James J. Walker, our genial mayor, has got a new single-breasted summer suit.

***Grover Whalen says he thinks it is more blessed to receive. Pretty good, G. A.!

***Zebulon P. Miller, who says he remembers when 8th Ave. was a thoroughfare, celebrated his 104th birthday last Wednesday.

***"No, sir," said George Kaufman the other night when it was raining so hard and he was auto-driving with the top down, "I wouldn't send a Dodge out on a night like this."

***Don Marquis says he may go up to Skowhegan, Me., again this summer and become an actor again by request. "My own," adds Don, who is an incorrigible humorist and likes to make fun of himself.

Ye editor is spending the summer, among other things, at his Lyons Plains, Conn., farm. *Franklin P. Adams.*

Omaha

L. F. CROFOOT was seen driving a new Packard last week.

Kirk Griggs dislocated a rib while playing golf. It was replaced without penalty.

***Len Hurtz of the Fairmont Creamery is going to Alaska to rest, that being one of the few places where Len's house has no branch office.

Sears-Roebuck has bought the Hannan-Van Brunt building and will open soon with a full line. Watch these columns for particulars.—*Adv't.*

Ace Hudkins, the leather goods dealer, is coming home for a visit on his way to Chicago where he has a business engagement with a Mr. Mickey Walker.

***The boys who bet that the Moorish castle going up at Farnam and Park Avenues was to be a movie are wrong. It turned out to be a tire and filling station. *B. F. Sylvester.*

Philadelphia

VIOLETS ARE in bloom.

***Peggy Thayer Talbott, Main Line society's most daring Diana, who brought a live rhinoceros almost home from Africa only to have it die aboard ship within sight of New York, now plans to capture two rhinoceroses, as she believes this first one died of lonesomeness and two would be company.

***Philadelphia is developing rapidly, a handsome new theater edifice having just been opened in Walnut Street, for strictly high class attractions.

***Miss Mary Binney Montgomery, beautiful and talented daughter of our good townfolk, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leaming Montgomery, is on the high seas for Vienna to perfect her musical education, her parents accompanying.

***Our former chief magistrate, ex-Mayor W. Freeland Kendrick, has just returned from abroad and expresses regret he is not Mayor now so he could make our city over along Paris lines. How

about those sidewalk cafés and what goes with them, eh, Freel?

The attention of our Chief of Police is respectfully called to a colored gentleman, with a folding board, who has been operating a card game on the north side of Market Street, near Eighth, on Sunday afternoons. He calls the game "three card monte, or the hand is quicker than the eye." *John Forbes.*

Portland, Ore.

GOVERNOR IKE PATTERSON has heartily indorsed the idea of building a historical memorial at Champoege, where the provisional government of Oregon was established, expenses for same to be defrayed by the United States government, if such arrangements can be made.

Berton Churchill, New York actor, is in Portland acting as guest star for Henry Duffy's players in Cal Heilig's theater. He has been well received and will stay here until some time in June, thus having an opportunity to witness the Rose Festival, even though he missed the spring smelt run in the Sandy.

Doris Smith is very busy these days trying to synchronize 3,000 volunteer performers in a historical pageant for the Rose Festival, called "Where Rolls the Oregon," which will be held in the commodious stadium in Multnomah field, the middle of June. *Dean Collins.*

San Francisco

NELLIE TAYLOR ROSS, Gertie Atherton and Katie Norris are still talking politics, but it don't seem like they'll ever agree on which candidate should get the most votes.

***Senator Jim Phelan and Judge Charlie Flack have asked the town aldermen either to stop high buildings out on Pacific Heights or move the bay around so they can get a better view of it.

Con Deasy, Jemmett Hayden, Charlie Powers, Warren Shannon, Bill Stanton, Charlie Todd, "Doc" Toner and Mayor Rolph are back from helping dedicate the new town hall at Los Angeles. It's a mighty nice little hall, they said—for Los Angeles.

Hal Manwaring, genial host at the Palace Hotel, allows that the next time Art Blanchard puts on a Shrine Luncheon program the hotel is going to be closed. At the last one Art had twelve elephants, three tigers, twenty monkeys and a flock of midgets marched through the lobby as entertainers. *Chet Johnson.*

Questionnaire for Comic Supplement Fans

WHAT are three synonyms for "plop"?
Which do you prefer for the ending of a comic strip—"wham," "bam" or "zam"?

What kind of people say "Eeek!"

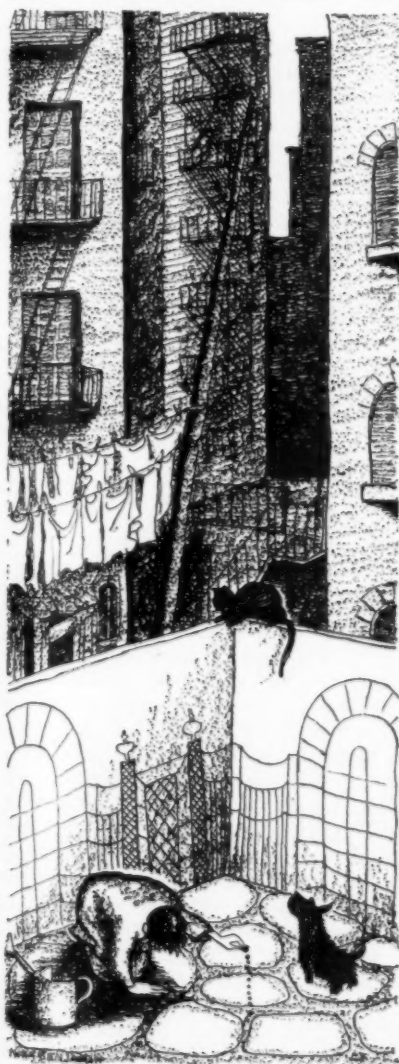
What is the meaning of these words when spoken by a comic strip dog: "Yerf Werf Yowf Glup"?

What bird that likes crackers says: "Awrrrrrk!"

Why do modern dictionaries omit such common words as "oink," "gloop," "oork," "yipe-yipe," and "zowie"?

What becomes of a character who suddenly drops through the floor with a farewell "pow!"

C. J.



THE GIRL WHO WANTED A BIG PLACE IN THE COUNTRY WITH LOTS OF HORSES AND DOGS



SPORTSMEN *and* SPORTS

The McGraws and the Cohens

HAVING directed the baseball destinies of the New York Giants for twenty-five years in a city that included—unless several census takers have been grossly deceived—a large Jewish population, Manager John McGraw some time ago decided that what his team needed was a real Jewish ball player. It was too much to ask the Jewish patrons to keep rooting indefinitely for the Kellys. They would welcome a chance to root for the Cohens. So John J. McGraw went out and bought himself a Cohen, a real, genuine Cohen.

The idea is not new. To be truthful about it, a previous experiment along the same lines four or five years ago was not a success. Mr. McGraw at that time heard of a Moe Solomon, who was reported to be a fine Jewish ball player. Unfortunately, upon trial, this turned out to be one of those half-truths. Moe Solomon was Jewish. The rest of it was gross exaggeration.

But it may be all true about Andrew Jackson Cohen. He made a fine start at the Polo Grounds and may turn out to be just what McGraw has been searching for, a shining Israelite of the diamond. Incidentally, McGraw bought another chap by the name of Jake Levy, who was advertised as a Jewish pitcher. On closer inspection, he proved to be a Jewish violin player, an article with which the market is flooded.

But Manager McGraw is working on sound business principles. The Irish contingent among the fans rooted loudly for Devlin, Dahlen, McGinnity and Bresnahan in the old days. Why wouldn't the Jewish fans root as enthusiastically for a Cohen or a Levy in these more modern times? It sounds like a paying proposition and John McGraw is in baseball for more than his health.

It may be that the racial distribution

of fans in the grandstand has had something to do with McGraw's attitude toward Jewish ball players as contrasted with his attitude toward ball players of Indian blood. On an ordinary day at the Polo Grounds all the fans of Indian blood could be

herded into six seats and all the seats would be filled except six. Thus when an excited baseball scout whispered to John McGraw:

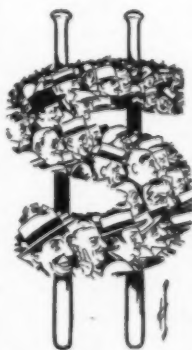
"I've got a great prospect for you, Mac. He can hit, run, throw and field. He's an Indian and—"

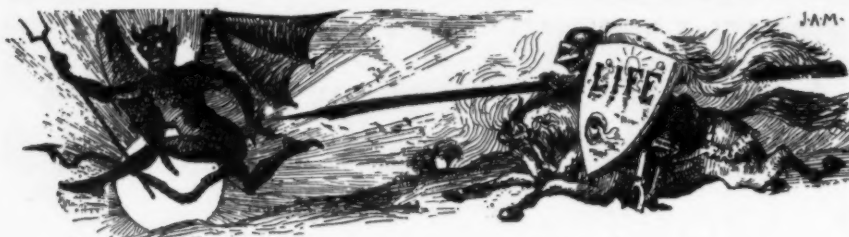
"And that's enough," said J. J. McGraw, stalking away indignantly. But then again, McGraw's attitude toward Indian players may be due to the fact that he once had an Indian player. Indeed, he had two of them: Chief Meyers and Jim Thorpe. On the subject of these two Indian players McGraw always said: "One was too many."

So the Indians are out and Andy Cohen is in. It is to be hoped that he will prove to be a real ball player. At least he is a real Hebrew. That fact alone puts baseball one up on professional hockey, a sport in which the canny promoters, angling for the Jewish trade, took a French-Canadian named Lorne Chabot and made him a goalie at Madison Square Garden under the name of Shabotsky. The same promoters took an Iclander named Renick and tried to haul in the Italian vote by calling him Rocco. Imagine trying to make an Italian out of an Iclander! Both disguises were torn off in no time and thrown away.

But getting back to baseball and Handy Andy, it was the mother of the Gracchi (Mrs. Gracchus, Senior) who said of her sons: "These are my jewels." John McGraw is that way about infielders. They are his jewels. And he is hoping that Handy Andy will be the Cohenoer of his collection.

John Kieran.





"WHILE THERE IS LIFE THERE'S HOPE"

VOLUME 91

May 24, 1928

NUMBER 2377

Published by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHARLES DANA GIBSON, *President*
CLAIR MAXWELL, *Vice-President*

ROBERT EMMET SHERWOOD, *Editor*
LANGHORNE GIBSON, *Secretary-Treasurer*

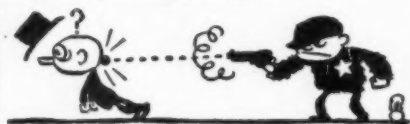


The Pulitzer prizes have been awarded again and are interesting, especially to people who do not read much of anything but newspapers and are glad to know what else is being written and which writers are thought to be particularly good at their employments. Nobody so far has declined any of these prizes this year. Three of the thirteen awards were made to "repeaters," that is, operators who have been prize winners before in this competition. Mr. O'Neill for the third time takes a prize with a play; Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, also for the third time, a prize for verse. Mr. Nelson Harding, of the Brooklyn *Eagle*, for the second time beat the other cartoonists. People who never read novels and have no judgment of their own about contemporary fiction will notice, some of them with interest, that Mr. Thornton Wilder carried off a thousand dollars for "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." This book has been sold a good deal and talked about a good deal, and really is a good job.

The biography prize goes to Mr. C. E. Russell for a book about Theodore Thomas. A scholarship for musical composition goes to Mr. Stringfield and one for painting to Mr. Samstag. The *Indianapolis Times* gets the five-hundred-dollar gold medal for exposing political corruption in Indiana, and Grover Cleveland Hall, of the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser* got five hundred dollars for the best editorial writing. He wrote against gangs, flogging and racial and religious intolerance. Margaret Lloyd's picture is printed as that of the winner of a traveling scholarship in journalism.

THESE awards are mighty interesting to people who are interested in them. A great deal of pains seems to be taken to have them reach the right people. Nobody competed for the prize for the best history of service rendered to the Republic by the American Press, and there was no award for the best reporter's story; which last is surprising, though perhaps due to the requirement that the award should be for "accuracy, terseness and the accomplishment of some public good."

Fastidious writers, like Sinclair Lewis, who have made plenty of money and got plenty of publicity may naturally enough be bored by the Pulitzer prizes but to most of the winners they must be highly agreeable. Publishers of the works of the successful aspirants must be pleased with them and they make a little change in the news, which is always agreeable. Besides that, for the younger winners they must be practically helpful.



OFFICERS on the watch for rum runners at Niagara Falls have done quite an awkward thing in shooting through the head Jacob Hanson, Secretary of the local Elks' Lodge. Mr. Hanson was running away from them in his car. When they called on him to stop he concluded they were thugs and stepped on his gas. It appears that they wore no visible signs of authority. One of them, dressed in old overalls and sheepskin coat, went to a lawyer's house to telephone for an ambulance and the lawyer liked his looks so little that he would not let him in.

Something ought to be done to make the coast guard employed in the anti-rum service look more picturesque and ingratiating. In canary tights and purple

coats they would not be mistaken for thugs. Something should also be done to recompense innocent parties who are injured by overzeal in anti-rum officers. As between being shot by a common thug and by a Government officer not known to be such, there is not as much choice as there should be. When the shooting is a mistake it ought at least to be more profitable to be shot by the Government but probably it is not.

MR. HOOVER is now being quite carefully considered on the grounds of availability, opinion being offered by some of the Republicans in this settlement that he would find it difficult to carry New York and New Jersey and the Corn Belt States, and would have trouble in Ohio, Indiana and elsewhere. These forecasters recognize that Governor Smith will be hard for anyone to beat in New York and New Jersey, but they think Mr. Dawes has a better chance to win without those States than Mr. Hoover has. These anxieties will doubtless figure in the Convention but Mr. Hoover has very substantial qualifications to be President.



Quite a bit will depend on what the nominee finds to say when he gets into the campaign.

It is very much to the interest of the country that there should be discussion preliminary to the next election. Mr. Hoover has no great gifts as a stump-orator. General Dawes can talk, and talk so as to be read. One would like to see a Hell-and-Maria campaign—so much needs to be talked out. The Democrats have not enough votes to carry the country. They can only win by attracting Republican votes and they can only attract them by candid discussion. That is what we want. One year, not so long ago, nominations were governed by supposed ability to carry a particular State, and the choice we had was between two gentlemen from Ohio. That is not likely to happen this year. If matters take such shape and such candidates are nominated that the voters receive the impression that in voting for one candidate they are voting for the Volstead law and in voting for the other candidate they are voting against the Volstead law, the candidate that represents opposition to that law will get a lot of votes from the other party. In spite of all the opposition of the polit-

ical managers the Volstead Act seems likely to be discussed, as also the question what we shall do about rum if that law is repealed. Whether it is discussed or not, it is likely to be voted on.

REPORT says our Methodist brethren in their conference in Kansas City adopted almost unanimously the resolution of E. Stanley Jones, "the world-famous missionary to India," urging "all Christian citizens to unite in removing as soon as possible legislation that restricts immigration and the rights of citizenship on grounds of race and color." The conference, it seems, approved of restricted immigration but not of the policy of discrimination against certain peoples and especially the Chinese, the Japanese and the East Indians.

Well, brethren, Stanley Jones is a very great missionary and a notable Christian who edifies in what he says about religion and indeed about most other matters except Prohibition. What is wanted from our Government, and especially Congress, about the yellow and brown people is not so much a change of policy as manners. We cannot receive them in quantity, but our present immigration laws would take care of that because they relate the number of immigrants of any race received to the number of their racial brethren who are already here. The yellow and brown people can be put on the same basis as other people who want to come here, and all without injury to their national pride, and without letting too many of them come in. Congress could have done it that way but had not sense enough. What it did do should be corrected.

Mr. THOMAS W. SLOCUM, merchant, financier and illustrious Harvard graduate, has come out with the opinion that there is too much concentration in Harvard College on acquiring knowledge from books. Not so, he thinks, are young men best prepared to handle the problems of life successfully.

Mr. Slocum may be the man now much in request who would establish a series of prizes for the schoolboys and undergraduates who show the most proficiency in sidestepping contemporary education without incurring detachment from the seminaries they patronize. There are some signs of a decline in the demand for college education. A number of people have given evidence of ability to get along in the world and get their names in the paper without it, and that may have had its effect.

E. S. Martin.



"THE SMITH A MIGHTY MAN IS HE"

The Next War

"FIELD MARSHAL Lord Allenby declared no group of powers could abolish war, but that it might be regulated," says a London dispatch. Well, that's fine. And, as sponsor of the International Commission for More Agreeable Wars, may we suggest:

That matinee battles only shall be permitted. It is ridiculous to expect any soldier to get up good-natured at some terrible hour, especially if there has been a crap game the night before, and throw his heart into a fight.

That something has to be done about this food business. No man wants salmon or stew the first thing in the morning—that's silly. So are beans. The *Herald Tribune* always prints nice recipes.

That the next war has got to be fought *in* Paris, and not kilometers and kilometers away. That was the trouble with the last one, and it was a pretty bone-head play.

That there ought to be glass stoppers to cognac bottles instead of corks. You're always remembering you've forgotten to get a corkscrew, and then you have to knock the neck of the bottle off.

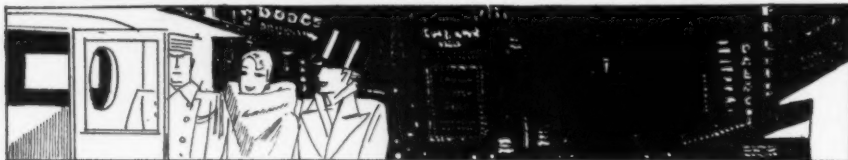
Oh, yes—and there's that matter of home-knitted socks.

Tip Bliss.

IN HOLLYWOOD

"That girl that just went by was Clara Bow."

"Well, well, is that so? I didn't recognize her with her clothes on."



ALONG THE MAIN STEM

DEAR PAL WILLARD:

Among other new fads in this man's village, old two-timer, is the "Salon" gag. "Salon," if you please, is tall millinery for saloon, and if you have adenoids when you say it, you sound as if you belong. At any rate, the so-called Best Pipples are making their whoopee in these upholstered cellars, which is exactly what they are, and the cream of wits, no pun intended, and other illiterotics, are packing one such jernt in the Freudian Fifties. Here they gather, my dear Willard, to bury the hatchet in some other guy's head between "swallow-and-chokes" or get restless thinking of a story to tell the other fellow as soon as he gets through telling his.

I got a load of the dive the other midnight just to Broaden My Mind and after trying to keep awake for two hours decided that they left me as cold as a kiss from Sophie Tucker. What I mean to say, Willard, is that even before they all get incoherent from unnatural causes, their chatter is as dull as a pair of femme's stems in cotton hose, and you discover that sophistication is passé.

Personally, I think the subject matter for sophisticates has petered out. What the hell is there to talk about anyway, these hey-hey days? Divorce, which was once scandalous, is now commonplace. Sane people talk sanely about companionate marriages. Cigarettes, once the symbol of looseness, now represent a personal, sensory, sexless pastime. Rouge, once the sign of a Scarlet woman, now is essential to dignified dress. A shiny nose is vulgar, and sallow faces are an intrusion, indicating indigestion. Risqué stories of the past are openly retailed in any fashionable revue. Profanity, that old-fashioned sign of smartness, has been killed off by the stage.



Harems have fallen into desuetude. Gambling has become a respectable home amusement. Legs are no longer a treat. References to ladies' mentionables don't offend because, presumably, the sub-



ject has faded on account of over-exposure. The glamour of the stage has been dulled by the already dull cinemas, and birth control, once the thrill of Shaw's "Man and Superman," is now intelligently advocated by notoriously

clean-minded citizens. In fewer words, Willard, this wholesale freedom of speech is taking all the fun out of conversation, because there aren't any forbidden subjects any more. Chattering, with nothing daring to chatter about, is just as uninteresting as drinking would be if we didn't have a Prohibition law.

The town is whistling "You Took Advantage of Me," a swell foxtrot from "Present Arms," and a pash tango that I'm goofy over is tagged: "Caramouchi."

...A "bundle of threads" is Broadwayese for girl....Fanny Ward, who points out that she hasn't a wrinkle in her face or stockings and says that she is sixty-five, is only fifty-two. She's the first one in history who ever exaggerated the other way....And if you want to hand your friends a titter ask them if they know what the height of incompatibility is. After they give up, answer: "When a yes-man meets a no-girl."

Walter Winchell.

(A great many correspondents have taken it upon themselves to answer Mr. Winchell's letters. Here is one that comes from France.)

ON BOARD SS. "DE GRASSE"
April 19, 1928

DEAR WALTER:

I found Gene West, the chorus girl. You said she would be traveling alone. I found her draped around a tall, heavy gentleman who was wearing her as a necklace. She is one of a group of ten chorus girls on board this boat, who are all traveling alone. They will appear some time in May at the Ambassadeurs in Paris.

These ten, Walter, who are traveling alone, are certainly doing a great thing for our country. They are intent upon collecting the French debt. They've been



"And while the collection is being taken, I beg to remind our dear friends of the unseen radio congregation that checks should be made payable to the Church of the Redeemer...."

collecting trinkets and baubles and contents—boy, the contents they've been collecting! These poor, homeless waifs who are traveling alone miss their Broadway Johnnies and, instead, have decided to surround themselves with French Francs. And how they're succeeding!

In addition to this troupe of chorus girls who are traveling alone, we have on board a motion picture actor who is traveling incognito under the name of Ramón Novarro Samaniegos. I haven't been able to find out who he is. I'm sure he is not Jackie Coogan, because Jackie Coogan once had long hair. Mr. Samaniegos was one of those who performed at the ship's concert. No, he did not show us his left profile, his right profile, his full-face, or any other views of his classic features, but he sang — and sang very well. He keeps himself hidden in his stateroom and comes up after two o'clock in the morning, when no one is in the smoking room—no one, that is, but the ten chorus girls who are traveling alone.

We also have on board what the French call "a reech Amairicain." He comes from Pittsburgh and is headed for Paris. When he gets there, Coolidge will have to send Lindbergh back again to restore the previous good will.

We had our farewell dinner about two nights ago. Special menus were distributed with the words "Farewell Dinner" embossed on the cards. "Farewell Dinner!" As an old theatergoer who has been watching Harry Lauder make farewell appearances for the last fifty years, I wasn't fooled.

I ran into Eleanor Shaler and you could have knocked me over with a feather-bed. She, too, is going to appear at the Ambassadeurs in Paris. However, she is not a chorus girl and she is not traveling alone.

Well, as they say on Broadway when a female impersonator asks for more coffee—that's all for the nance.

ARTHUR KOBER.

"WANTED"

"FEMALE impersonator; must sing, dance and produce."

—Reno (Nev.) Register and Tribune.

IT SEEMS to us that this is altogether too much to ask, even of a female impersonator.

THE MASHER

"Where ya goin', Joe?"

"Over to th' barber shop to try an' pick up a date."



TOURIST: Hmmm! Traffic victim?

"I HEAR Jones let you in on the ground floor of his business."

"Yes, and then the bottom fell out of it."



EMBARRASSING MOMENT IN THE LIFE OF A PARACHUTE JUMPER

An Insurance Agent Is Routed

"YES, sir! I'm anxious to take out a life policy, also accident and health! Fill out the blank? Why, certainly!"

"Ummm. How do I answer this one? You see, I'm a student pilot, and make my first parachute leap next Sunday! No, I couldn't possibly postpone it, because Saturday night the boys are giving me a big 'Suicide Party' at the club, and we've ordered twenty cases especially for the occasion. After the party I'm going to drive my racing car down to the airdrome so as to take off early with 'Hairbreadth' Murphy, the stunt flier, you know. Gosh, I hope the old heart will stand up under that jump, and those wounds from the war won't start acting up. But you never can tell! How about a little shot of... Hey! Come back here! I thought you wanted to sell me insurance! Well, if you insist you must go...."

Tom F. Barry.

THERE is now a Religious Book-of-the-Month Club. If you were cast away on a desert island, what ten best book clubs would you subscribe to?



THE THEATRE

Back to Work

WHENEVER we get discouraged at a musical show in French or German because great blocks of words elude us, it is a comfort to think that, even if the lyrics were being sung in English, we probably couldn't understand more than half of them anyway.

But, whether you understand the lyrics in a New York musical show or not, there is not the strain of following them that there is in Paris or Berlin, because you don't care much. (And, oddly enough, the good lyrics are usually the most clearly sung, because the good lyric-writer attends rehearsals with a gun.) This absence of the element of homework in attendance at a New York musical comedy is probably the reason why most of the new summer shows have seemed very pleasant to your reporter. Opinions seem to vary on most of them, but we rather liked them all in a bland, unemotional sort of way.



THE TWO newest summer shows are "Present Arms" and "Here's Howel!" The former stood the test of being seen twice in the same day, owing to our being taken to it on a theater-party the very evening of the day when we had attended its matinee in an official capacity. So we know the book, lyrics and score of "Present Arms" pretty well in a general way. And, as they were written by Messrs. Fields, Hart and Rodgers respectively, they bore a second hearing very well. Especially pleasing was a number called "A Kiss for Cinderella," in which four marines stage a barrack-room fantasy with no equipment save a genial desire to please, a number called "Crazy Elbows," danced and sung by a young lady named Demaris Dore (if Miss Dore doesn't stop putting that quaver in her voice in the middle of a note we won't be responsible for our actions the next time we hear it), and the remark made by one of the other young ladies that *anybody's* adolescence is always interesting. (You probably have to hear that

last crack to enjoy it. It doesn't look very important in print.)

Among others who helped make "Present Arms" bearable twice in the same day were that veteran marine Charles King and the Misses Flora Le Breton and Joyce Barbour. We might even go to see it again a little later. Not this very week, perhaps, but before it leaves town—which ought to give us plenty of time.



IN "Here's Howel!" there would seem to be the material for a good, easy-going summer evening, especially when Ben Bernie is on, in person and with his band. Mr. Bernie manages to be funny without looking funny, which is considerable art. Allen Kearns is another young man who, with practically no effort at all and without having the appearance of a regulation juvenile, gets the regulation juvenile's stuff across in a most agreeable manner. And, to us, Mr. Eric Blore is always good for a laugh, especially, as here, when he voices his unreasoning and unnecessarily bitter dislike for goldfish.

On the opening night Mr. "Fuzzy" Knight (up till now known chiefly to night-club patrons) had one of the toughest breaks in the history of the drama from Beaumont and Fletcher to the present day. Just as he was seated at the piano, about to begin his specialty, the German fliers entered one of the boxes. As soon as the ovation had died down the audience began gradually to realize that someone was being very funny on the stage, but, by that time, Mr. Knight was practically through. Otherwise it would have been known more generally that one of the few inspired nut-comedians in the country is in "Here's Howel!" If some licensed discoverer doesn't discover him pretty soon, this department will have to undertake the job.



"THE GREENWICH VILLAGE FOLLIES" can hardly be classed among the "new" sum-

mer shows, as it has been running a month and a half, but it was new to us, which, after all, is the only standard one has in this world, isn't it? While we wouldn't say that it is a knock-out among revues, it also seemed rather pleasant to these world-weary eyes. From vaudeville again has been drawn a headliner in the person of Dr. Rockwell, known for many years to patrons of the two-a-day as the diagnostician of the banana-stalk and general therapeutic expert. If you haven't seen him before (or even if you have), it wouldn't do any harm to go and hear what he has to say. He has some charming ideas about anatomy.

And while we are on the subject of anatomy, "The Greenwich Village Follies" is one of those summer "Winter Garden" shows.

FOR one act (the first, if you are taking notes on this) "The Happy Husband" looks as if it were going to furnish a pretty tepid evening for every one concerned. In addition, there is a scene in which Miss Billie Burke pretends getting stewed, which is rather trying. But, with the beginning of the second act, some very funny stuff is pulled; Miss Burke stops her imitation of a canary, and the thing settles down to making merry with considerable success.

Of course, with a cast which includes A. E. Matthews, Lawrence Grossmith, Irene Browne and Walter Connolly, it doesn't take very much in the way of lines to insure a warm sense of general satisfaction, and by the time the third act has begun to droop you really don't mind much.



ONE thing which we meant to cable over from England was that in "Good Morning, Bill," the wife who was leaving home violated all precedent among home-leaving wives by having her maid bring her bag downstairs, instead of, according to the age-old custom, appearing on the stairs carrying the bag herself. We are glad to note that Miss Burke, in a similar scene, has gone back to the old custom and does her own bag-carrying. It makes a woman seem a little more independent, somehow, especially if she is leaving home.

Robert Benchley.

The Confidential Guide to current plays will be found on page 26.

Will It Come to This?

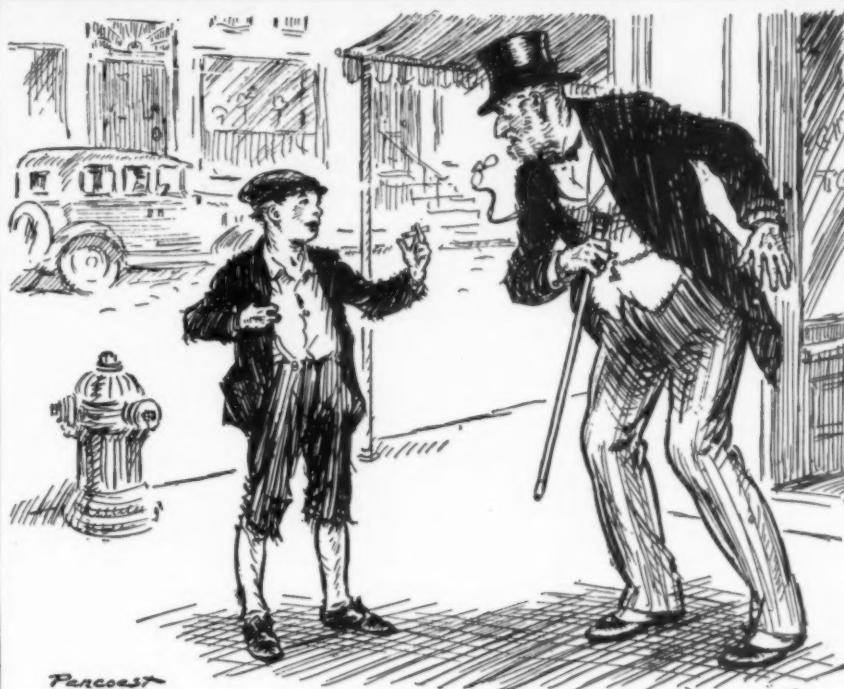
"WHAT'S your name?"
 "John Smith."
 "Where do you work, Mr. Smith?"
 "I'm with the Blooey Baby Carriage Company."
 "Been there very long?"
 "About fifteen years."
 "What's your salary now?"
 "Thirty a week."
 "Own your own home?"
 "Only 234 more payments."
 "Where do you bank, Mr. Smith?"
 "At the Eighteenth National."
 "How much have you got there?"
 "Lemme see—\$46.78 the first of this month."
 "Family?"
 "Yeah. Wife and three kids."
 "Well, I guess that'll be all. Now, Mr. Smith, how much do you want to pay down on this package of chewing gum?"
Chet Johnson.

The Art of Admiring Newlyweds' Apartments

THE art of admiring newlyweds' apartments is far from simple. It requires a high degree of talent and in some cases genius; it calls for skilful mimicry in which diction and pantomime are subtly blended, courage, a keen ear, a flair for ventriloquism, some knowledge of French, and a nice sense of balance, coupled with some ability at acrobatic dancing, especially in those apartments where the rugs are small, the floors highly polished, and the wife named Bobbie. A box of aspirins will often come in handy, too.

Sometimes, of course, the art of admiring newlyweds' apartments need not be complex or even much of an art. This is true where the newlyweds are named Willenvogel. You tell the Willenvogels in a loud, clear voice that everything is fine, nice, gorgeous, exquisite, comfy, etc. Then you sit down with them in the kitchen and tell them that the home brew is fine, nice, gorgeous, exquisite, comfy, etc. The Willenvogels are the easiest audience in the world to please. Now and then they may become critical, but the fault in nine cases out of ten is not with your performance but with the hops. Just one word of caution: *Do not let Mrs. Willenvogel sit on your lap.*

It is where the newlyweds are college graduates and subscribers to the *American Mercury* or *Vanity Fair* that the would-be admirer of newlyweds' apartments needs to be an artist, with all the endowments listed in the first paragraph. We shall call these newlyweds the Fos-



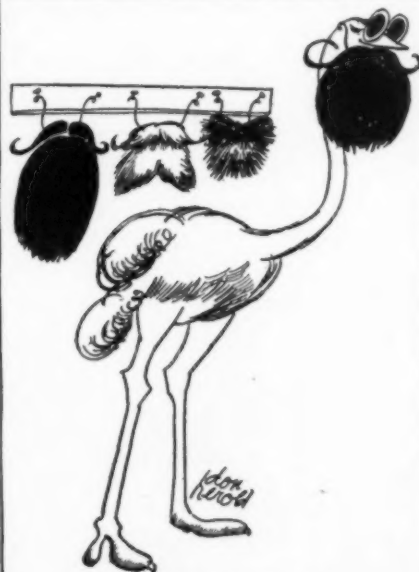
HOME TRAINING

SMALL BOY: Will ya light me cigarette for me, mister?

OLD GENTLEMAN: Light your cigarette for you?

SMALL BOY: Yes, me mudder don't allow me to play wid matches.

setts; limitations of space will not permit anything more elaborate than that. These Fossetts call forth one's highest powers in the art of admiring newlyweds' apartments because they want the Truth.



HUMANE INVENTIONS

Disguises for diffident ostriches, saving head-burying in the sand, and eliminating wear and tear.

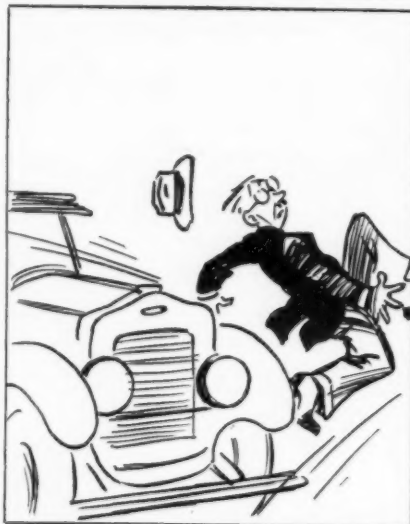
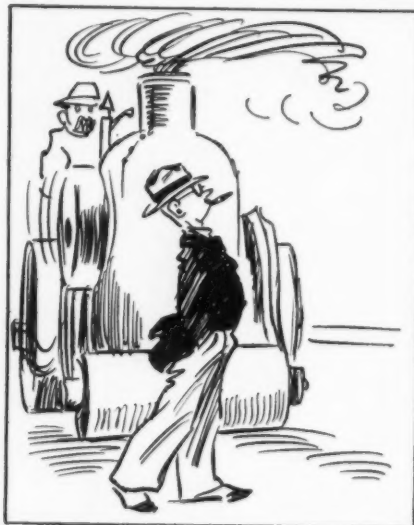
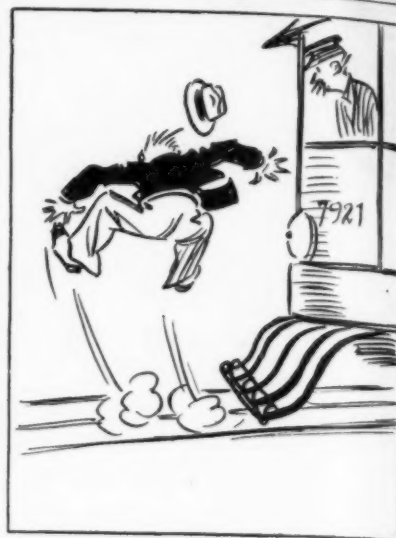
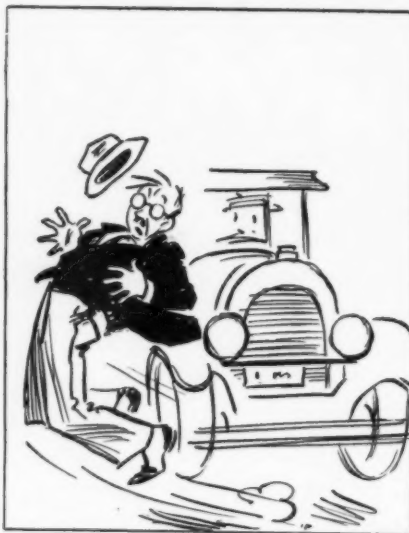
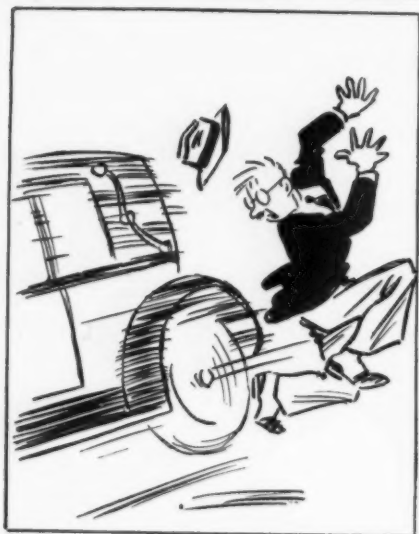
Nothing you may say in disapproval will hurt their feelings. They take nothing seriously, you understand. They are Civilized. They have a Sense of Humor. This little apartment of theirs is a place—they are apt to refer to it as "the place" or "the dump"—which has been furnished to please only themselves. Be courageous with the Fossetts. Tell them, or rather, as artfully as possible, give them to understand, that you do *not* like their apartment. You don't appreciate their things at all; they are a little too unusual, a trifle too unconventional for you. You, you must convince them, are a Babbitt. In other words, the art of tickling the Fossetts pink is the art of *not* understanding them. Be an artist; remember, any fool can *understand* the Fossetts....

Besides the Willenvogels and the Fossetts, there are many other types of newlyweds in apartments that people are called upon to admire from time to time. It would be a good idea if they all moved to Greenly Island.

Tupper Greenwald.

FIRST OIL MAGNATE: I tell you, the Constitution has got to be safeguarded at all events.

SECOND OIL MAGNATE: Yes, look where we'd be if it weren't for trial by jury.



The Plaything of Fate

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THE RADIO

This Is Station KDKA

KDKA in Pittsburgh was the first commercial broadcasting station in this country. Contradict me, if you want to, but I still think I am right. And it is one of the few stations that retain any individuality. One of its best features is its weekly broadcast of messages to the white settlers up in the Arctic Circle. It sounds terrible, but it isn't. I don't know what the men are doing up there; I don't know why they don't move to a better climate. Maybe they are disgruntled cynics who invested in Florida real estate a few years ago.

However, I do know a lot about the family affairs of Our Frozen Friends. I know, for instance, that Gertrude sends her love to Bill Hisk and wants him to know that Aunt Hattie died last November. And Mother and the girls tell Jack Hiffle that they miss him very much and Cousin Louise has a new baby. It's all as much fun as listening to a telephone conversation that isn't intended for you. And it carries with it a sense of adventure for us poor stay-at-homes who kick if the heat is turned off before May 1. So if you are the type that enjoys reading the "personal" columns of newspapers, I advise you to tune in on KDKA late Saturday evening.

Recently KDKA broke all records by broadcasting a public dinner that wasn't an insult to American Womanhood. The Lions Club party was a charity affair for the benefit of the blind. Usually the only worthy thing about dinners of that sort is the cause.

Mr. Milt Gross was a speaker of the evening, and now Mr. Gross may step



THE MORE THE MERRIER

HE: Come on up to our house tonight.

SHE: I can't—I'm going to see "Tristan and Isolde."

"Well, bring 'em along!"

alongside Will Rogers as a man that actually can be funny before the microphone. The toastmaster introduced Mr. Gross as "humorist, columnist, magazine writer, newspaper man, wit, etc." Whereupon Mr. Gross jumped to his feet with, "I am also a notary public." And then he went on to boast that he had been invited to Atlantic City to address six thousand envelopes.

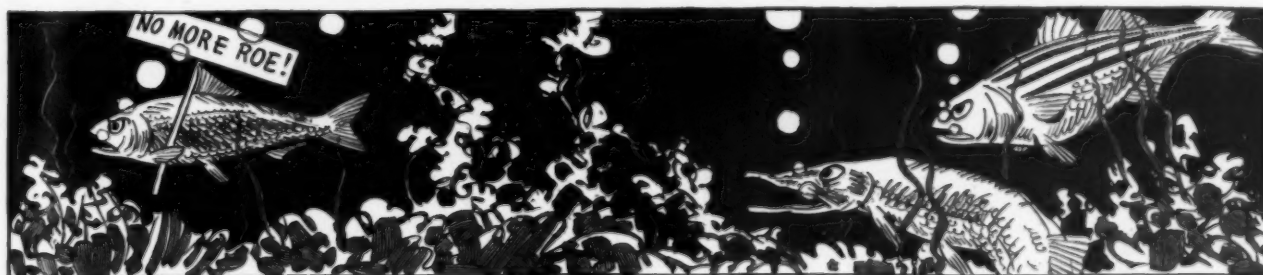
People who retell jokes from banquets are bores, aren't they? I thought so. Well, let's change the subject and talk about the weather. The weather reports from KDKA are the best in the Eastern

district. For one thing, they are discouragingly accurate. Well, for those who play golf or garden, they are twice as important as the Stock Exchange quotations. Weather reports may mean nothing three hundred and sixty-four days out of the year, but when you want them, you want them something terrible.

* * *

Now that I am in a mellow mood when anything pleases me, let's pass on to WOR or, rather, to the whole Columbia chain of stations.

These stations, quite naturally, are concerned with selling phonograph rec-



MR. PICKEREL: What's the big idea?

MR. BASS: Oh, that's Mrs. Shad, spreading Birth Control propaganda.

ords. But why not sell phonograph records? What's wrong with it? So far as the listener is concerned, the advertising liaison is more of a help than a drawback, because the Columbia chain makes a point of being very much above average in its musical selections. The Sunday Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Howard Barlow, is the best thing of its kind on the air, now that Walter Damrosch has sailed for Europe for the summer.

Just to prove that spring has done its dirty work and the heart now rules the head, I am going to speak a good word for WOR's "Main Street Sketches," broadcast on Tuesday evenings.

Banquet wits, weather reports, hick humor! What next?

I'll stick to my story. These playlets from Titusville, assisted by the Firemen's Band, have a certain Kin Hubbard quality. That is, they have it when they are good. When they are bad, which isn't very often, they are just a lot of synthetic rural comedy. Incidentally, these sketches have been so popular that they have been extended from a half-hour into a full hour's entertainment and, oddly enough, they have managed to survive that ordeal.

Agnes Smith.

Resolution

MABEL has an ugly mouth,
Not so bad from North to South,
But from East to West I fear
It extends from ear to ear.

Yet—

When I've had four shots I know
It's a perfect Cupid's Bow.

Peggy has peculiar skin—
Seems it is a touch too thin.
Though I say it with due feeling,
Peggy's face is always peeling.

But—

When my fourth drink I have had,
She looks like a cold cream ad.

Mary's figure is a fright.
When she tries to lace it tight,
Her appearance is quite silly—
Like the West, she's big and hilly.

Yet—

When four drinks have passed between
us,

I call her my lissome Venus.

So—

Now that I know in due season
Liquor heebiejeebs my reason,
I will drink no more of the stuff.
(Why should I, when four's enough?)

Harry Evans.



THE SILENT DRAMA

"The Big Noise"

IN THE minds of the movie producers, Satire is one of those unknown quantities (like Art) that are to be carefully avoided by anyone who is not in business solely and exclusively for his health. Tell a film magnate that a certain story has satirical value and he will tell you promptly that he isn't interested.

"Hollywood," directed by James Cruze, was one of the best pictures ever made; but it was a satire, and therefore a flop.

It is all the more remarkable, then, to encounter a producer who has the temerity to indulge publicly in any irreverent kidding. Such a one is Robert T. Kane, who directed a few well-aimed digs at the Silent Drama itself in "Bluebeard's Seven Wives," and who has now, in "The Big Noise," attempted to satirize another sacred institution, the Ballyhoo of Press Agency.

"The Big Noise" is offered as a gag-comedy, and the far from subtle Chester Conklin is its star; nevertheless, it ventures on the thin ice of irony and man-

ages to skate skilfully for a long time before it finally falls through.

Mr. Conklin appears as a meek and pathetic subway employee who suddenly, and for no good reason, is hailed as a second Lindbergh. He becomes a hero of the tabloid newspapers and an issue in a political campaign, but he never finds out what all the shootin' is for.

The kidding of cheap journalism, and of still cheaper politics, is superb. I have never seen on the screen more credible reproductions of tabloid headlines and campaign speeches, or of the popular reaction to such prevalent forms of hokey.

Alan Dwan directed "The Big Noise" in spurts; many of the scenes that he has devised are violently funny, but there are others that are dull and others in regrettably bad taste. The performance by Chester Conklin is consistently good.

"Sadie Thompson"

It is somewhat late in the day to be reviewing "Sadie Thompson," but this worthy picture came and went while your



TOURIST: I suppose this lying on a bed of spikes is just a trick, isn't it?
FAKIR: Yes, but it has its fine points.

correspondent was suffering from Bligher's Cramp, and I have only just caught up with it.

I'm glad that I did see "Sadie Thompson" at last. It has increased my respect for Gloria Swanson, a star who has not always elicited the unqualified admiration of the critics. Miss Swanson has made a serious, sincere and largely successful effort to bring a great play to the screen, without sacrificing too much of its greatness.

TO ACCOMPLISH this was no mean feat; she first had to overcome the prejudices of Will H. Hays and of all the undesirable elements that Will Hays (whether he likes it or not) represents. Having done this, she confronted the supremely ticklish task of making the picture itself.

"Sadie Thompson" has faults and frailties that were not apparent in Somerset Maugham's story nor in the play, "Rain." Raoul Walsh's direction is relatively uninspired. Although Lionel Barrymore does some heroic acting, he is miscast as the religious fanatic—his incurably satanic countenance being too completely out of harmony with the requisite sense of spiritual exaltation. Miss Swanson's own performance is very uneven.

But these faults don't weigh heavily in the ultimate balance. "Sadie Thompson" stands as a fine picture, and a genuinely creditable one.

INCIDENTALLY, "Sadie Thompson" suggests another episode for the Great



NORTH POLAR EMPTY THREAT
TRUCULENT ESKIMO: Gawn! I'll knock you cold!

American Movie, which is still in process of preparation (the eleven hundredth reel is nearing completion).

There will be a scene in the South Seas wherein a strong and upright man is being subjected to the agonies of temptation. His ordeal will not be accentuated by views of Samoan natives, humming passionate Kanaka melodies and beating gently on tom-toms in the depths of the tropical night.

R. E. Sherwood.

The Confidential Guide to current movies will be found on page 26.

The Auctioneer Takes a Fling at Auction Bridge

"WELL, well, well, your bid, partner! What do I hear? Anything at all to start the ball a-rolling! Come on, speak right up, it's just a sociable little game. What's that, one Club? Well, that shouldn't stand for long! Who's going higher? One Club is bid. What do I hear? A Spade! Well, we can't sell it for a Spade. I'll bid two Hearts myself. There you are, la-deez and gen-tel-men, two Hearts! Now what do you say? Two Hearts bid, two—How's that? Two Spades? Fine! Two Spades, are we going to let it go for two Spades? Three of anything beats it. Do I hear three, partner, do I hear three? Three Hearts! Good! Three Hearts, who's going to raise it? Three Hearts bid. Last chance, folks, going for three Hearts! Three—Beg pardon? Oh, three Spades. Well, folks, three Spades

bid, takes four Hearts to beat 'em. I'll bid 'em! Four Hearts. Now! Who'll go higher? Who'll say four Spades? Do I hear four Spades? Four Spades, anybody? Anybody at all, four Spades? Four Hearts are bid. Can't I get four Spades? Going for four Hearts! Your last chance to bid, folks! Four hearts bid and she's going, going, GOING, GONE!! SOLD for four Hearts! Lead."

C. D. Markley.

FIRST KNIGHT: I challenge you to combat.

SECOND KNIGHT: I have decided never to fight again.

FIRST: Oh, come on, joust this once.

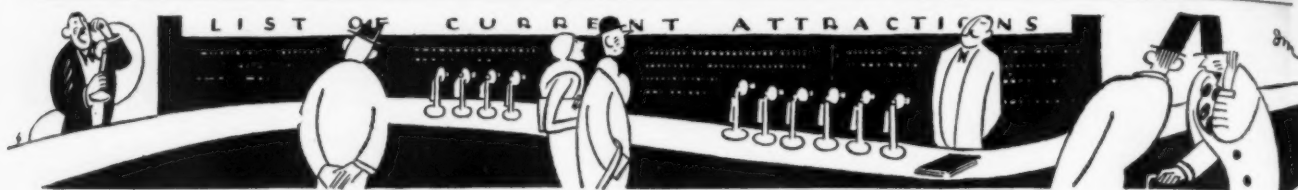


"Who's the comical little fat gink with the goofy swing?"

"That's Clare Briggs, the chap who draws those funny pictures of us golfers."



THE PROFESSIONAL BIRD-CALL IMITATOR
SOUNDS AN UNFORTUNATE NOTE



CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE

Drama

More or Less Serious

Coquette. *Maxine Elliott*—One of the plays which no one is surprised to see running as late in the season as this. With Helen Hayes it ought to go on indefinitely.

Diamond Lil. *Royale*—Mae West cashing in on her recent martyrdom with an underworld drama which it has become the smart thing to patronize.

Dracula. *Fulton*—The dean of the local goose-flesh inducers.

Interference. *Cosmopolitan*—A popular-priced version of the drama that ran all season farther downtown.

The Ladder. *Cort*—This is getting just a little irritating.

The Outsider. *Ambassador*—Lionel Atwill in a play of therapeutics which was here several years ago without causing any more stir than it is causing now.

The Scarlet Fox. *Masque*—One of Willard Mack's dependable melodramas.

The Silent House. *Morosco*—Ingenious methods of frightening and killing people, especially those who are susceptible to Chinese.

The Skull. *Forrest*—We cannot speak of this as we haven't seen it, and it almost looks as if we never should.

Strange Interlude. *John Golden*—The winner of the Pulitzer Prize, and little wonder.

The Trial of Mary Dugan. *National*—A trial which has lasted eight months because it is so interesting.

The Waltz of the Dogs. *Forty-Eighth St.*—Good enough to be brought up from the Cherry Lane Theater, but we haven't seen it yet.

Comedy and Things Like That

The Bachelor Father. *Belasco*—A nice little play which is making a nice little hit. June Walker and Geoffrey Kerr are in the cast.

Burlesque. *Plymouth*—The course of true love in a burlesque show, containing several very good moments for the spectator.

Excess Baggage. *Ritz*—The course of true love in a vaudeville theater. Also containing high moments.

The Happy Husband. *Empire*—Reviewed in this issue.

Him. *Provincetown*—Nuts.

The Ivory Door. *Charles Hopkins*—A fantasy with staying powers.

Our Betters. *Henry Miller's*—Ina Claire in an old one of Maugham's which is better than his latest. Formerly considered shocking; now just amusing.

Paris Bound. *Music Box*—Highly pleasant talk about the marriage tie and ways to loosen it. Madge Kennedy heads the cast.

The Royal Family. *Selwyn*—This one ought to entertain you even if you never lived in a theatrical family.

The Shannons of Broadway. *Martin Beck*—The Gleasons (Mr. and Mrs.) in a little mixture of laughs and tears which has been pleasing a lot of people for a long time.

She Stoops to Conquer. *Erlanger's*—Last week of the all-star revival. The cast includes Fay Bainter, Glenn Hunter, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Pauline Lord, O. P. Heggie and Patricia Collinge.

Skidding. *Bijou*—To be reviewed later.

Ten Nights in a Barroom. *Wallack's*—A serious performance of a once-serious drama. It may make a different man of you.

Volpone. *Guild*—Now that the authorities have decided that this is fit to be seen, you may go and see it. And you better had.

Whispering Friends. *Hudson*—One of Mr. Cohan's pleasant but minor opera.

Young Truth. *Lyceum*—To be reviewed later.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Black Birds of 1928. *Liberty*—To be reviewed next week.

A Connecticut Yankee. *Vanderbilt*—Still containing our favorite score and still high in entertainment value.

The Five O'Clock Girl. *Shubert*—Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw in a pleasant evening with a couple of good tunes.

Funny Face. *Aleyn*—Some dancing by the Astaires which makes this obligatory, together with Gershwin music and comedy from Victor Moore and William Kent.

Good News. *Forty-Sixth St.*—They haven't come any better than this all season.

Grand Street Follies. *Booth*—To be reviewed later.

Greenwich Village Follies. *Winter Garden*—Reviewed in this issue.

Here's Howe! *Broadhurst*—Reviewed in this issue.

Keep Shufflin'. *Eltinge*—Good colored revue.

Lovely Lady. *Sam H. Harris*—One of the ones you can miss if you are pressed for time.

Present Arms. *Lew Fields' Mansfield*—Reviewed in this issue.

Rain or Shine. *Cohan*—Joe Cook—which is enough to tell anybody.

Rosalie. *New Amsterdam*—Marilyn Miller and Jack Donahue in one of Mr. Ziegfeld's current gold mines.

Show Boat. *Ziegfeld*—With all the companies that will soon be playing this, there will be no excuse for everyone's not seeing it.

Take the Air. *Earl Carroll*—Will Mahoney a show in himself.

The Three Musketeers. *Lyric*—Good swash-buckling musical comedy in the Ziegfeld manner, with Dennis King, Vivienne Segal and Lester Allen.

Robert Benchley.

Silent Drama

Recent Developments

Street Angel. *Fox*—A stupid romance in a Neapolitan setting, with some effective direction by Frank Borzage and some good acting by Janet Gaynor.

Across to Singapore. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Ramón Novarro and Ernest Torrence in one of those red-blooded melodramas of the high seas. Very exciting at times.

The Patsy. *Metro-Goldwyn*—A moderately entertaining comedy of American home life, in which Marion Davies does some romping.

The Chaser. *First National*—For a while it seemed that Harry Langdon was developing into a second Chaplin; but then he decided to write and direct his own pictures.

Speedy. *Paramount*—The loudest and funniest picture that Harold Lloyd has made—and that's no faint praise, either.

Mother Machree. *Fox*—Belle Bennett gives an unusual portrait of a usual Irish mother.

The Trail of '98. *Metro-Goldwyn*—This starts out as an epic on a grand scale and then degenerates into just another phony Alaskan thriller.

Skyscraper. *Pathé*—An interesting comedy-drama, with William Boyd as a riveter and Sue Carol as a Follies girl.

Ladies' Night. *First National*—Rowdy doings in a Turkish bath, during most of which Dorothy Mackaill appears in her accustomed state of *déshabillé*.

Red Hair. *Paramount*—And while we are on the subject of *déshabillé*, here is Clara Bow.

The Big City. *Metro-Goldwyn*—Lon Chaney without make-up in a formless melodrama.

Simba. *Martin Johnson*—Next to "Chang," this is probably the best of all the wild animal films.

Tenderloin. *Warner Bros.*—You can see Dolores Costello in this, and you can also hear her—that is, of course, always provided that you want to.

Three Sinners. *Paramount*—Pola Negri as a lady who puts on a white wig and compels her husband to fall in love with her.

Burning Daylight. *First National*—Two-listed melodrama and heavy-handed gags, perpetrated by Milton Sills.

Dressed to Kill. *Fox*—Edmund Lowe gives an excellent performance as a flashy crook.

The Gaucho. *United Artists*—A misstep by the sure-footed Douglas Fairbanks.

The Crowd. *Metro-Goldwyn*—King Vidor has investigated the home life of the average American couple and has found there a considerable amount of dullness.

Uncle Tom's Cabin. *Universal*—The "Abie's Irish Rose" of the 19th Century—and it's still good.

The Circus, Sunrise, The Last Command and Wings. Yes, yes, yes, yes.

R. E. Sherwood.

Reading Matters

Fact

Five Murders. By Edmund Pearson. *Doubleday, Doran*—Some old killings interestingly exhumed in print by LIFE's crime reporter.

Going to Pieces. By Alexander Woolcott. *Putnam's*—True Confessions of a dramatic critic.

Skyward. By Commander Richard E. Byrd. *Putnam's*—The modest autobiography of a gentleman cloud-chaser.

Naked Truth. By Clare Sheridan. *Harper's*—The travels and international indiscretions of the sculptor-author.

Rum, Romance and Rebellion. By Charles William Taussig. *Minton, Balch*—Bunghole view of the New England fathers.

Present Day Russia. By Ivy Lee. *Macmillan*—Mr. Rockefeller's press agent looks things over.

"Gentlemen, Be Seated." By Bailey Paskman and Sigmund Spaeth. *Doubleday, Doran*—All about the old-time minstrels. Much material for amateur revivals: music, pictures and patter.

Fiction

Alice in the Delighted States. By Edward Hope. *Dial Press*—A parody worthy of its heroine. Never bitter, it makes the front page of the daily paper look extremely silly.

Famous Fimmales from Heestory. By Milt Gross. *Doubleday, Doran*—The low-down on Iv. Clipettra, Julius Sizzer, Halan from Troy, and others. With artistic embellishments by the author.

The Man Who Knew Coolidge. By Sinclair Lewis. *Harcourt, Brace*—Trick photography, hand colored. As real as a musical comedy boss race.

Bad Girl. By Viña Delmar. *Harcourt, Brace*—Simple, unassuming portrait of the Manhattan peantray. An excellent likeness. Banned by Boston.

The Greene Murder Case. By S. S. Van Dine. *Scribner's*—Philo Vance, the society dick, solves a multiple murder mystery. Neat, if a little gaudy.

Cambic Tea. By Rebecca Lowrie. *Harper's*—If you've ever wondered what a little girl thinks about, this is it.

The Closed Garden. By Julian Green. *Harper's*—A long novel of a particularly unpleasant French Provincial family, so well written its length goes unnoticed.

The Virgin Queene. By Harford Povel, Jr. *Little, Brown*—Bright, gay, and refreshing. Literary hors d'oeuvres.

The Bridge of San Luis Rey. By Thornton Wilder. *Boni*—Literary roast beef, well done, with gravy.

Perry Githens.

*Have you ever
heard anyone
ask for a better
golf ball
than a*

DUNLOP

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\$1

**THE
IMPORTED BLACK
DUNLOP**

No Uncertain Terms

"HONESTLY, Ethel, I have the worst time with Bobby! He tells me the most awful fibs!"

"My dear, I wish you could hear Junior! The truth is simply not in him."

"They don't seem to know the difference between what's real and what's imaginary. Why, yesterday Bobby came home with a black eye, and he made up the killingest story of how he got it. He said he stepped on a rake!"

"I try to teach Junior what is right and what is wrong, but he persists in telling the most outrageous whoppers! Made out of whole cloth, most of them."

"I don't mind a little evasion on Bobby's part, but I have to spank him when he tells me a deliberate untruth. I found him in a dark closet the other day, all by himself; and when I asked him what he was doing there, he said he was just waiting for a street-car."

"The little prevaricator!"

"He's full of falsehoods.... Here comes the little rascal now."

"Hello, Mamma! Hello, Mrs. Funk! Say, Mamma, you know as much as Bill Bacigalupo, don't you?"

"Why, yes, of course. What is it, my little man?"

"Well, I told Bill that babies were brought by the stork, and he said they weren't at all! He said they—"

"Bobby! Stop this instant! What do you mean by going around with those nasty boys from Canal Street? You can tell that Bacigalupo guttersnipe that he has no business talking the way he does; and what is more, he's a dirty little liar!"

N. R. J.

"You Can Lead a Horse to Water——"

"Come along, Bess! Click, clik!"

"Phumphwa! Swish!"

"Come on, now, like a good girl. Nice watering trough, just across the street."

"Swish, swish! Houyhnnnee!"

"You'll like it, once you're in——"

Clop, clop, clop, clop—"phwnawhoo!"
—clop, kaclop, kaclop.

"Now, here we are, Bess, old girl! Drink, pretty creature, drink."

"Swish."

"Check rein too tight?.... There! Now we're all hunky-dory."

"Champ, champ, grunch: snaffwhraw-hooee!"

"Come on, Bess. Nice watering trough. Donated by Mr. Stanley W. Ketch, April 12, 1887. You couldn't ask for anything better than that, could you?"

"Humph."

"Oh, well, to hell with it. Click, clik, giddap!"

"Clop, clop, cloppity, cloppity, kaclop-pit, kacloppit, kaclop."



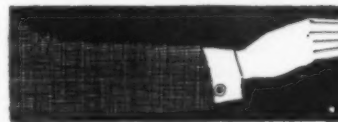
SWANK.. more than a collar-pin

WHAT is a collar-pin—if not a safety-pin in disguise? Collar-pins have never been more than makeshifts! They put holes in collars. They jab necks. And millions of men have refused to use them—have preferred to wear soft collars untidily. Unfastened.

Swank has all the smartness of a collar-pin. It doesn't pin collars, but holds them trimly, firmly, securely. Swank means more comfort and less loss of time and temper for well-dressed men everywhere! Made in gold-filled and solid gold. In plain and engraved designs. Priced from 50c to \$5, at your jeweler's or men's shop. The Baer & Wilde Co., Attleboro, Mass.

SWANK

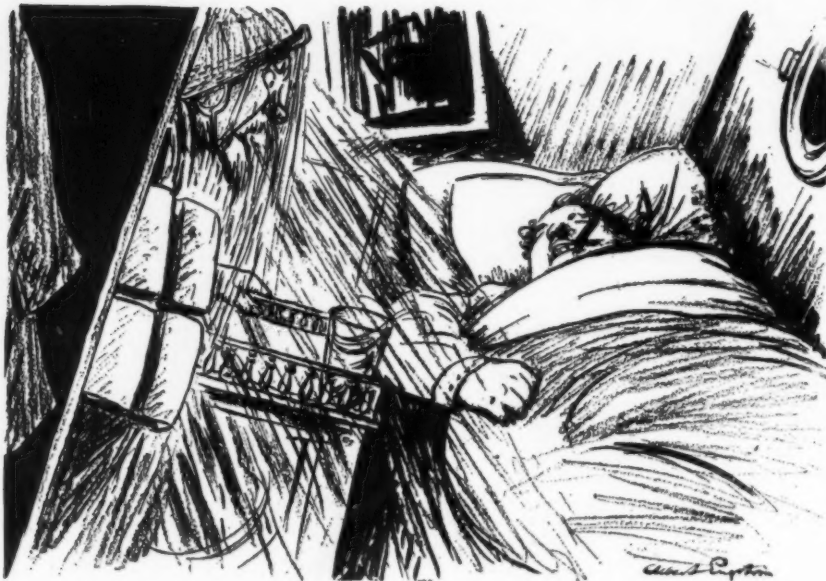
looks like a pin, but isn't



Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons are helping 10,000,000 men to dress smartly as well as informally. They're the neatest, quickest, most convenient cuff buttons there are!

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"



"WHAT THE —! THERE YOU ARE IN YOUR BERTH WITHOUT EVEN WEARING A LIFEBELT. LET ME TELL YOU THIS IS SERIOUS!"

"TO HELL WITH IT—I'LL READ ALL ABOUT IT IN THE PAPERS TOMORROW!"

—Söndagsnisse-Stris (Stockholm).

DR. ROSENBAACH, who has spent two millions on books in the past twelve years, seems without a rival as a best-buyer.

—Punch.



THE THEATER ATTENDANT TAKES OUT THE CHILDREN.

—Dublin Opinion.

THE EASIEST WAY

UNDISCOVERED church history from an examination paper in a Los Angeles high school: "The Protestant Reformation was when the Protestants broke away from the Catholic Church and began to forgive their own sins."—*Christian Register*.

THEY are putting Wilson's portrait on the \$1,000 bill—where only Republicans will see it.—*Pathfinder*.

MEDICINE AS SHE IS PRACTICED
A COLORED woman went to her husband's physician and said: "Doctah, Ah's come to see if yo' am gwine to ordah Rastus one of dem mustard plasters again today."

"I think, Mandy, perhaps he'd better have one more."

"Well, he says to ax yo' kin he have a slice of ham wif it 'cause it's mighty pow'ful to take alone."—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE VOICE WITH THE SOB

SOMEONE has invented a vending machine which, when you insert a coin, will automatically push out your cigarettes or chewing gum and also say, "Thank you!" But when, as sometimes happens, it doesn't push out anything, we suppose it says, "Try again. Better luck next time!"

—*Detroit News*.

JOURNALESE IN FLEET STREET

ONE is forever being told that the American language is making rapid strides in England. Almost any day now we expect to hear of a London paper headline: "Wales Takes Double-header."—*New Yorker*.

"She was under police escort, and police were thrown into the hotel lobby to hold back the crowds when she entered, wearing a huge corsage bouquet and looking a little cold."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

AND why shouldn't she?

—*New York Evening Post*.

PREHISTORIC oysters are being found in the Potomac River. They're about the only things quiet along the Potomac.

—*Arkansas Gazette*.

THE STRONG BOY OF GREENWICH VILLAGE

IN THE old days the scene was a mirrored mahogany bar, bright with tinkling glasses and shouts of cheer; the heavyweight champion was John L. Sullivan, and we do not need to remind you what he regularly said when he announced his august presence.

The curtain falls to denote the lapse of many years and quite a change of the American scene.

Now the stage represents the fine old English classroom of William Lyon Phelps at none other than Yale University, and the sunshine pours in through the mullioned casements on the aristocracy of Eastern wealth and lore. The heavyweight champion of the world steps up to the platform and is introduced to the class by the lucky Shakespeare professor.

"My name is John Joseph ('Gene') Tunney," declaims the speaker, "and I can read any book in the house!"

—*Chicago Evening Post*.

MATERNAL CANDOR

LETTER received by a teacher in a Chicago school: "Dear Mrs. —: Please excuse my daughter this afternoon as soon as the bell ring as she is in the roller skate race and is trying to break her neck."

—*Chicago Daily News*.

POLITICAL zoölogists tell us that the G. O. P. elephant never forgets unless it wants to.—*New York World*.



"HERE, WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA—CHUCKIN' THE BRICKS DOWN AS FAST AS I BRING 'EM UP?"

"'SORL RIGHT—THE BOSS KEEPS PASSIN' UNDERNEATH!"

"OH, YES, ACCIDENTS WILL 'APPEN, WON'T THEY?"

—*Bulletin (Sydney)*.

THE NOTARY PUBLIC

I'd rather be a public notary
Than join the Elks, or even Rotary;
It has a sort of legal air,
And lends a touch of *savoir faire*,
It is a quasi-public job
That lifts a man above the mob.
The notary puts out his sign
And says: "No, no; the other line,"
Uses his seal a time or two,
And that is all he has to do.
He can attain his lofty station
Without a legal education,
Expensive quarters, stylish dress
Or shrewd political finesse.

Were there no notary close by,
Society would droop and die,
And commerce would grow limp and lax.
We could not pay the income tax,
Sign instruments and depositions,
Or even circulate petitions!
It gives encouragement and cheer
To know that one is always near
To see that everything is fair
And stand beside us when we swear.
If I were one, it seems to me,
The honor were sufficient fee!

—S. K., in *Spokane Spokesman-Review*.



"YES, MY WIFE IS A BIT OVERDEVELOPED—
BUT THEN, YOU KNOW, I AM FRIGHTFULLY
NEARSIGHTED!"

—*L'Intransigeant* (Paris).

GENE-IUS

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER, president of Columbia University, A.B., A.M., Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D., Jur.D., D.C.L., principal speaker at Friars' dinner. Topic, "Integrity of Politics," or the like. His vocabulary, six-cylinder, seven-syllable words. Two small-time actors in a corner listening:

"I don't get him—do you?"

"Too much for me—the guy talks like Tunney!"—*New York Evening Journal*.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

TOO LATE!

THE Attorney General refused to send troops to supervise the Chicago primaries. Where the Cook County folks made their mistake was in not calling their remarkable town "Chicaragua."—*New Yorker*.

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

"WHAT are you thrashing your little son for?"

"He will get his school report tomorrow and I must go away tonight."

—*Ulk* (Berlin).

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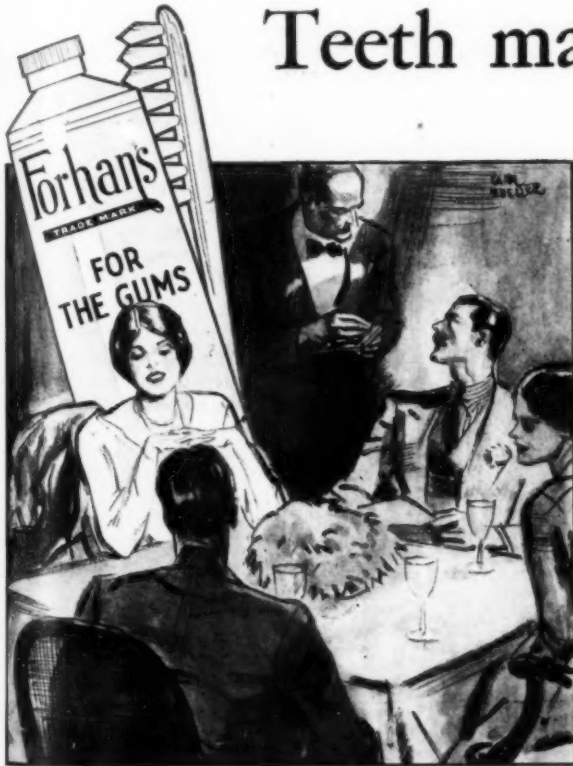
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Notice of change of address should reach this office two weeks prior to the date of issue to be affected. All communications should be addressed to LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

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Teeth may be flashing white STILL . . .

Pyorrhea attacks 4 out of 5

SO long as you neglect to combat dread Pyorrhea, health is jeopardized.

This grim foe which ignores the teeth and attacks the gums robs 4 out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Take this precaution: See your dentist every six months. And start using Forhan's for the Gums, today.

As a dentifrice alone, you would prefer it. Without the use of harsh abrasives, it helps to keep teeth clean and restore their natural whiteness. Also it protects them against acids which cause decay.

But Forhan's is more than an ordinary dentifrice. If used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keeps them sound and healthy. And Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Get a tube of Forhan's today! Use this dentifrice every morning and night. Massage your gums daily with it, following directions in booklet that comes with tube. This good habit is health insurance. Two sizes—35c and 60c. Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

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INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

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Silk, Satin, Calico, Rags

WELL, whichever it is you got out of life's little lottery, you need to Budget all the same.

SILK should Budget if she wants to keep out of Calico (although Calico can be very becoming).

SATIN must watch her step and not be too upstage lest she stumble (through charge accounts, debts, and other financial carelessnesses) right into RAGS.

CALICO can hold her own by BUDGETING and perhaps get in a silk dress now and again.

Whilst poor RAGS—let her take a mental inventory and a JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET SHEET and begin all over again.

John Hancock Home Budget Sheets may be had on request, if you will send a two-cent stamp to cover the cost of mailing.

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SIXTY-FIFTH YEAR OF BUSINESS

A BALLADE OF ADDRESSES

WHAT shall we christen our little home,
One of a hundred all in a row,
Lining a road that may lead to Rome
(That's dragged in for the rhyme, I know),

Where the buses ply to and fro,
Hooting as demons that hoot for glee
Over their prey in the realms below?
Kozikot is the name for me!

Brave with gable and tower and dome
(Drains by "The Popular Plumbing Co."),

Flaunting curtains of mauve and chrome,
Say, shall we label it Mon Repos,
Sandringham, Belmont, Fontainebleau,
Victory Villa, Ben Machree,
Dolce Domum, or Felixstowe?
Kozikot is the name for me!

What do you say to Parracombe,
Bettws-y-coed, San Remo,
Chez Nous, Camelot, Happiholme,
Hythe, The Juggery, Winterslow,
Wywurie, Abbotsford, Westward Ho!
Bella Vista, The Rosary,
But and Ben, or The Durdans? No!
Kozikot is the name for me!

ENVOY

Prince, I envy no proud château,
Goguenard, Gaillard or Sans Souci;
One name alone sets my heart aglow—
Kozikot is the name for me!

—Punch.

ARTILLERY

It happened during a class in Military Science 102, and it is doubtful whether the instructor has yet recovered from the shock. He had been lecturing on the effect of gunfire on marching troops.

"So, you see," he ended, "plopping a couple of shells down on the road, and raking it with gun-fire, may not have much physical effect on the troops, but still it will badly damage their morale, their—er-r—well, that indefinable—"

"Yes, Captain," piped up a Freshman from the back of the room, "we understand. You mean their 'It.'"

—M. B. E., in Princeton Tiger.

JACK BERINGFORD AT HOLINGYOKE

"HELLO, Phil. Jack phoning. I'm over at the Phi Obregon house and I want you to bring my clothes over—the gray suit marked 'Edward W. Stetcher,' the hat with 'W. E. B.' in the band, the underwear labeled 'Paul Grayson.' Better lend me one of your own shirts; bring that orange and blue striped tie of Frank's—and oh, yes, one of those handkerchiefs with the 'B. T.' monogram in the corner. Thanks."

Now finish the novel yourself.

—College Humor.

"Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dresser spent Monday of this week at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Stinson, where they assisted in doing the family wash."—*Paxton (Mass.) Record*.
THAT's what they get for visiting on Monday.—*Country Gentleman*.

SIMILE (in the modern manner): "No more privacy than a lighthouse keeper in Labrador."—*Detroit News*.

FLASHES FROM THE

Sport-lite

The Optimist: "I can see good in anything."

The Motorist: "That so? Can you see good in driving at night without a SPORT-LITE?"

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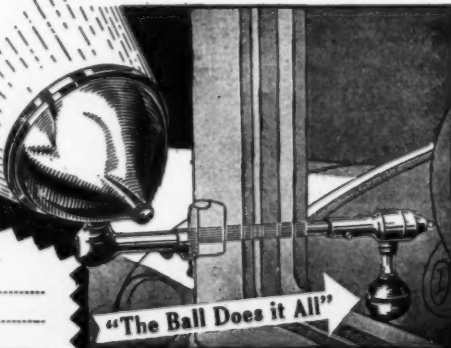
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Name.....

Address.....

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By merely sending us the signed coupon, with one dollar attached, you can enjoy LIFE in the privacy of your own home for 10 weeks. And what a LIFE! All the old faithful features and contributors *plus* a lot of new ones. A *Model-A* Magazine, so to speak, with all the accessories for a rattling good time. Go to the theatre with Robert Benchley; to the movies with R. E. Sherwood. Make whoopee with Walter Winchell. Enjoy life with Grantland Rice, Milt Gross, E. S. Martin, Baird Leonard, F. G. Cooper, A. A. Wallgren, Franklin P. Adams, Neal O'Hara, Henry Suydam, John Held, John Kieran, Agnes Smith, Arthur Guiterman, and all the others.

Look for a startling announcement on page 3 of this issue. Look for even more startling announcements in the issues to come.



LIFE 598 MADISON AVENUE. NEW YORK.

Here's my dollar--
Send me 10 LIFES

.....

.....

Play the SILVER KING



"My dear, at times, I'm afraid of my husband—a raving maniac when he handles a golf club."

"I've seen him—hits at the ball as if he were killing a cobra."

"That's it, a sort of assault and battery golf."

"Oh, buy the brute some Silver Kings."

"What difference can a mere ball make to that man?"

"Lots of it, dear, look at my Jimmy. Last year his score was high in the hundreds and his temper was low and despicable. I got him a box of Silver Kings and my married life has become one long twosome of bliss. Jimmy says it's all psychological, but I think it's as practical as can be. He says the King actually helped him stop pressing because he knows he can get distance with it by swinging easily. The confidence that comes of playing the best ball really does give a man extra poise and balance."

Silver King—
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



JOHN WANAMAKER
Wholesale Golf Distributors

NEW YORK BOSTON PHILADELPHIA
CHICAGO MEMPHIS LOS ANGELES

Two Latin Professors Call a Spade a Spade

"I NEVER thought Dr. Murgatroyd would do such a thing! It seems a trifle *infra dig.*"

"Yet they caught him in *flagrante delicto*, Amos."

"Tut-tut! He must have been *non compos mentis* at the time."

"A fine sort of man to have in *loco parentis* to our boys!"

"*Verb. sap.*, Mitchell. I told Harvey he should be given his unconditional release."

"Don't you think there might be less scandal if it were done *sub rosa*?"

"No, he should be made an example of. It's a case *sui generis*, Mitchell, and we must establish a precedent."

"Perhaps you're right. At any cost, we must uphold the motto of this institution: *Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

"Well, I fear I must dash along now, Mitchell. I'm going over to Harvey's office to discuss it with him *in camera.*"

"Don't be too hard on Murgatroyd, Amos. Remember, *humanum est errare.*"

"Well, if I was ever caught throwing my watch at a pupil just because he didn't know the date of the Punic Wars, I'd expect summary punishment, Mitchell."

"Oh, well, *de gustibus non disputandum*, Amos. See you later."

Norman R. Jaffray.

Make Way!

PRECEDED by a police motorcycle escort, he raced through the crowded streets to the railroad terminal where a train had been kept waiting for him for two hours. It started as he hopped aboard, while dispatchers frantically issued orders to switch crack flyers to sidings in order to make way for the "special."

In record time he reached the Great Lakes. With his arrival, he took ship on a vessel which had delayed sailing two days. The steamer made a remarkable run, and presently he had again reached land, being whisked to a flying field, where a time-shattering airplane was being held in readiness. A moment later the craft was streaking into the gathering dusk.

Who was this man who held trains, delayed steamers, and chartered record-breaking aircraft? Who was he? A great industrial baron? A famous physician, speeding to the bedside of a nationally known politician? The President of the United States? A visiting ruler? An outstanding globe-encircling aviator? A banking czar? No. No, indeed!

He was a news-reel photographer!

Tom F. Barry.

WE are always happy in the spring, but still there is a certain feeling of sadness. It looks as if everything were coming back except us.—*Milwaukee Journal.*



4 O'clock

THERE'S no surer relief from that rather stodgy 4-o'clock-in-the-afternoon feeling than a glass of Welch's Grape Juice.

And the best of it is, you know it is so good for you.

Because it gives you much more than the temporary refreshment.

Welch's is a real food as well as a delicious drink. It is pure fruit juice and you can count on it for important health values—energy value, mineral salts, and vitamins.

Try it at 4 o'clock this afternoon. And be sure you get Welch's. No other can compare with it. The flavor is so pure and rich that you can serve it straight, blended or diluted.

For children after school—a glass of Welch's straight, or half Welch's and half water.

For business men at the soda fountain—a Welchade, long and cool, made like orangeade of the fruit juice and syrup and water.

For the woman at home or shopping—Welch's with cracked ice or carbonated water. Recipes for Welch Punch and other drinks are on every bottle.

Free—Book of Fruit Drinks—Send a postcard for free illustrated recipe book to the Welch Grape Juice Co., L-85, Westfield, New York. In Canada—St. Catharines, Ontario.

WELCH'S

Once you've tasted Welch's
no other grape juice will do



At the fountain ask
for straight Welch's or
Welchade

A CRY FROM MACEDONIA

Ad in a Walsenburg (Cal.) paper: "Lost—Somewhere on the battle-scarred streets of Walsenburg one pair of gents' (?) fur-lined kid gloves. These gloves were a Christmas present from the Mrs. She gives me until Tuesday to get them back, so whoever found them have a heart as every one knows what brides are these days. Bang! Bang! Flow-ers."—*Literary Digest*.

RITA, ten, and Frances, seven, were left alone in the house one night. Suddenly Rita exclaimed, "I'll bet you are afraid to go upstairs alone." "Oh, no, I'm not," replied Frances. "You come up with me and see."—*Boston Transcript*.

Lose Fat As She Did



Look right, feel right

Men want women to be slender. Then why not do what they do? Excess fat is a blight to all. Not to good looks only, but to health and vitality. All doctors warn against it.

Women have found an easy, pleasant way to reduce. It is efficient—you can see that. Slender figures now prevail. Excess fat has been rapidly banished in the past decade.

Science has found a common cause of excess fat in a certain gland deficiency. In a gland which largely controls nutrition. It turns food into fuel and energy when it is active. Food goes to fat when it isn't.

By thousands of experiments research men found a way to combat that deficiency. Doctors the world over employ it in obesity.

The method is embodied in Marmola prescription tablets, now used for 20 years. Millions of boxes have been employed in fat reduction. Users have told others, and the use has grown to very large proportions.

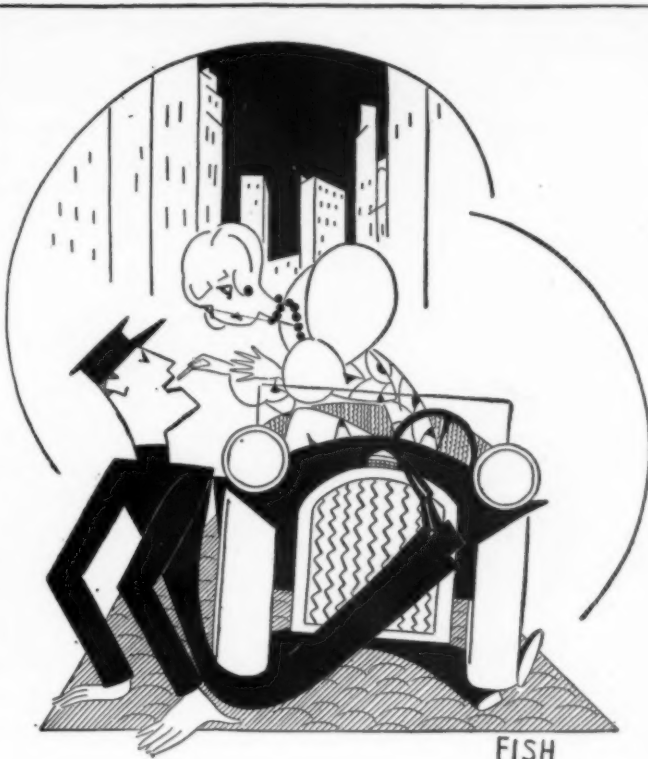
One simply takes four tablets daily until weight comes down to normal. No abnormal exercise or diet is required, though moderation helps.

The method is not secret. It is known to every modern doctor. The formula of Marmola appears in every box, also a booklet which explains results. You know what you are taking, and why.

Go try Marmola because of what it has done for so many, for so long. Nothing can hold the place which Marmola has held for 20 years without doing what you want done. Go start today.

Marmola prescription tablets are sold by all druggists at \$1 per box. Any druggist who is out will order from his jobber.

MARMOLA
Prescription Tablets
The Pleasant Way to Reduce



FISH

EMOTIONAL MOMENTS IN THE LIFE OF A FLAPPER

When you have unexpectedly run over a traffic cop, don't wait for him to get up and bawl you out, but . . . Offer him a MURAD

© P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

HAWAIIAN VERSION

A MAINLAND tourist journeyed from Honolulu to historic Kona on the Island of Hawaii. Fired by romantic tales, he felt sure he had reached a land where nothing savoring of Western civilization would be permitted to disturb the tropical atmosphere.

When, in the course of his wanderings, he reached a small village by the seashore he became exceedingly interested in a tame mynah bird displayed by a picturesque Hawaiian maid. But he was due for a rude shock.

"What's the bird's name?" he inquired. "Mary Pickford, sir," was the answer.

—Honolulu Star-Bulletin.

"Main Street will be washed shortly after 11 p. m. this evening. No parking will be allowed on this street during this time."

"E. A. JAMES, Superintendent of Public Works."

—Salamanca (N. Y.) Republican-Press.

In Salamanca, when they wash a street, they simply can't do a thing with it.

—New York World.

STOPS

SEA SICKNESS

—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air.

75c. & \$1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.

New York Montreal
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MOTHERSILL'S
SEASICK
REMEDY

25 Years In Use

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—



New Model Pocket Ben

The new model Pocket Ben watch has won universal good will.

You'll find it as good looking as it is dependable. Millions of men carry it with pride and confidence.

Sold everywhere for \$1.50.

*Built by the makers of
Big Ben and other Westclox*

WESTERN CLOCK
COMPANY
La Salle, Illinois



New Westclox Auto Clock

Attractive, convenient, reliable. Fits any car. Quickly attached on dash or above wind-shield.

\$2.50

RHYMED REVIEWS

Home to Harlem

By Claude McKay. Harper & Brothers.

His final name and hue were Brown,
This Jake who, quitting soldier-duty,
Escapes from Brest and London town
To Harlem, gin and jazz and beauty.

Warmhearted, honest, blithe and sweet,
A handsome boy in high condition,
He finds a girl in every street,
Which seems to be his one ambition.

He loves them all; they love him, too,
No matter what their tint or shade is;
Peruse the book and saunter through
A gallery of colored ladies:

His London woman, Congo Rose,
A Pittsburgh damsel, one in Philly,
Petite Felice, and goodness knows
What others, none of whom are chilly.

And here are hectic nights and days
With Pullman crews and other ramblers
And saxophonic cabarets
And razor-fighting toughs and gamblers.

And apelike Zed, our hero's chum,
Who always manages to bungle.
The author paints a fetid slum
Not clean enough to be a jungle.

For, ruled by instinct raw and red
With sudden loves and sudden quarrels,
There's none that thinks an hour ahead,
And no one even dreams of morals.

It's art, and may be life, no less,
This tale of children gay and lustful
That's sure to prove a great success
Because it's thoroughly disgusting.

Arthur Guiterman.

A SLAVE DRIVER

MILDRED, who is just learning to count, began quite proudly counting 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and so on up to 39, and stopped. Her father, thinking she needed prompting, suggested 40. On she went to 49 and stopped again. "Fifty," prompted her father. Wearily she counted on to 59 and, with a long sigh, said, "I want to stop!"

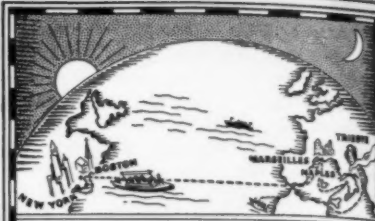
"Well, why don't you, then?" smiled her mother.

"I can't," she wailed. "Daddy won't let me."—*Liberty*.

"IN MEMORIAM—I will be loading live hogs, at Mount Albion, Wednesday, April 27."—*Charlotte-town (P. E. I.) Patriot*.

Just a memory.—*New Yorker*.

GRAY HAIR NO DYE!—NEW discovery. For men and women. Quickly restores original youthfulness. Not a dye. Applied to scalp. Excellent tonic and hair restorer. Stops falling hair and dandruff. Stainless. No one will know you use it. Results guaranteed. Get booklet and free trial offer today. RAY LABORATORIES, 648 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 55, Chicago



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For a change—try this de luxe Southern Service to Paris, via Marseilles. World's fastest motor-ships to Paris, Vienna, Trieste, Rome, the Riviera and Central Europe. The last word in luxurious accommodations and cuisine. Motor ferry service—drive on here, drive off at destination—no crating or packing; surprisingly economical rates. Send for brochure of interiors, descriptions, rates, and sailing dates.

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Yellowstone

Thru new, scenic Gallatin Gateway. A glorious adventure,—thrilling, unique.

Pacific Northwest

Rainier National Park, Puget Sound, the Olympic Peninsula, the Inland Empire.

Alaska

A delightful cruise to "lost cities" of '98, weird totems, "the midnight sun," Indians, Eskimos.

Use coupon below

The MILWAUKEE ROAD

Electrified over the Rockies to the Sea

Geo. B. Haynes, Passenger Traffic Manager
Room 839, Union Station, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me information on tours:
☐ Yellowstone ☐ Pacific Northwest ☐ Alaska

Name.....
Address.....

Politics

"How you wannum shine—light or dark?"

"Shine 'em dark, Gus."

"Who's gonna be nex' President, you think huh?"

"I don't know, Gus. Who do you think it'll be?"

"Whazza diff? All a lotta beeg bums."

"Do you like Al Smith?"

"Aw! Heeza no good. Heeza beeg bum."

"Do you like Mellon?"

"Aw! Heeza beeg bum. Heeza no good."

"What about Reed?"

"Aw! Heeza lotta boloney."

"Hoover?"

"Aw! Appla sauce! Beeg bum."

"Well, Gus. Who do you think ought to be President?"

"Mussolini! Butta no chance. He gotta good job already in old country.... You needa new shoe laces, too."

Robert Lord.

Why Europe Loves Us

(From a cable dispatch in the New York Sun)

PARIS, April 27.—Sixty-four Americans are assembling here tonight for a dinner given them by Walter A. May, Pittsburgh druggist, in celebration of his silver wedding anniversary, on a scale that even Paris never heard of before. Mr. May's party all told will cost upward of \$200,000, and though Paris is fairly hardened to the foibles of rich Americans, tonight's dinner has the French capital gasping.

One of the surprises Mr. May has in store for his guests is a sudden telephone ring after the \$1,500 dessert—an enormous pie set with rhinestones—is served. The tele-

The new package for the new improved Glo-Co



AT LAST a dressing which keeps the hair in place and acts as a tonic too! Even its delightful fragrance is new. Glo-Co Company, 6511 McKinley Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.



As necessary as the morning shave

TOO GOOD TO KILL

People "kill" the ordinary cigarette when it's only half-smoked. The tobacco burns so fast that it roasts the flavor of the second half and becomes hot and parching... But the second half of your Melachrino tastes too good to "kill". It burns slowly. Keeps cool and mild to the last pleasant puff.

MILD AND COOL MELACHRINO CIGARETTES

PLAIN, CORK and STRAW ENDS



The ONE cigarette sold the world over

phone is a direct line from Pittsburgh to Paris, which Mr. May has hired for the evening—the first time the transatlantic telephone has been used for such wholesale purposes.

Mr. May invited his sixty-four guests, mostly old Pittsburgh friends, to come to Paris for the dinner at his expense. They arrived on the *Aquitania* Thursday night and will return on the *Berengaria* May 15. During their ten-day stay they plan to see everything Paris can offer, from the Folies-Bergère to the museums and tombs. Every cent of their expenses will be paid by Mr. May, including railroad fare from Pittsburgh to New York, steamship passage and return, and all living expenses while in Paris. Mr. May's secretary estimates the cost for the sixty-four persons at a minimum of \$2,500 each, while the dinner tonight will cost upward of \$10,000. What the telephone bill will be no one knows.

Friends say Mr. May gives a similar anniversary dinner every year and thought it would be fun to hold it in Paris this time. Mr. May is the owner of a chain of drug stores.

When you throw
a real party—
serve

Apollinaris

Your
most fastidious guests
will be first to observe
that you wish them to
have only the best.

The Finest Sparkling Table Water
in the World

Sole Importers: Apollinaris Agency Co.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

Chew DENTYNE .. and smile!



It's the cheery smile that wins! And it's teeth that make or mar the smile. Keep your teeth attractive — a flash of snowy white behind your smile. Chew delicious Dentyne, the gum that keeps breath sweet, teeth clean and pearly white.

·KEEPS TEETH WHITE·

THE COMPLETE LETTER WRITER

(Received by a New York clothing firm from a Brunswick, Ga., customer)

GENTLEMEN: Please kindly note that we have cend you back a suit that same was no good and same should be made wright and please kindly note that same cost \$20 and please kindly note that we have sold same and same was not like same should have bean and please kindly note that we have made same good we must ask you to do the

same for same as same did so please kindly note that we are this day cending you a check for \$46 and when same is made good we will send the balance and please kindly advise us and oblige

Yours very truly —

—New York World.



War paint is for Indians, not golfers. Fast and lustrous in color, Reddy Tees don't stain hands or clothes. Sold everywhere. Red or yellow. 18 for 25c.

The Nieblo Mfg. Co., Inc., 38 E. 23rd St., N. Y. City

The REDDY TEE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Be sure you get the original and genuine

THE DEVINCE-HALLECK COMPANY, INC., PRINTERS, NEW YORK

A LEXICOGRAPHER SLIPS

CONSIDER a scholar who has given his career to the building of a new dictionary. He is assigned to the preparation of the volume H-K. From his university days to middle age his life lies within these limits. He knows the way to heaven or hell. He analyzes the qualities of hope and happiness. He traces the history of imperialism. He learns what ingots are and pictures the flux of intolerance. He tells the history of jails and the conflicts of Jerusalem. He knows how kummel is made and what kibosh is. Within the precincts of these four letters his knowledge covers all the realms of fact. True, for him love is an item in a later volume; death he has passed by.

Two generations are employed in the production of the great work. The result of this concentrated scholarship crosses the Atlantic and is added to the vast pile of erudition stacked in the marble library on Fifth Avenue. Every day ten thousand men and women pass through the corridors of this palace of learning. They are types of a population moving in quickstep. They make words of their own by contractions of alien tongues, out of the slang of the stage and the street and from the incidents of their environment. They would be astonished to learn what is missing from a stupendous twenty-volume collection of the etymology of all speech. For in the lexicon of Oxford there is no such word as kibitzer.

—New York Sun.

SPLENDOR

WHEN Fred Stone stopped over at the famous Book-Cadillac, in Detroit, the hotel was as yet brand-new, and was even more resplendent with gold paint than the Paramount Theatre.

The dining-room ceilings, the chairs, the halls and the stairways shrieked in a golden symphony.

At bedtime that night, it was Mrs. Stone who reminded her famous husband that he hadn't put his shoes outside the door.

"Put 'em out, dear," she said, "and they'll shine them for you."

"Shine 'em, shucks!" said the Famous Fred. "I'll bet a dime they'd gild 'em!"

—Brooklyn Eagle.

JUVENILIA

ONE of the new books we noticed on Bruce Gould's shelf the other day while looking for something to steal was "Anatole France Abroad." We sincerely hope that this is just one of a series and that it will be followed by "Anatole France on a Ranch," "Anatole France in a Jungle," "Anatole France at Military Academy" and "Anatole France at Camp."—New York Evening Post.

HO, HUM!

WOMAN, lovely woman—

Isn't she fair and sweet?

She wears more clothes when she goes to bed

Than she does upon the street.

—Florida Times-Union.

"Beef-steak pie....Cut the mat into small pieces."—Cookery Recipe.

THEY use those tough fiber door-mats, we believe.—Humorist (London).